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HOW THE OLD WORLD FOUND THE NEW

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HENRY HUDSON'S SHIP, THE *HALF MOON*

From the painting by N. C. Wyeth. Courtesy of the Roosevelt Hotel

HOW THE OLD WORLD FOUND THE NEW

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

This little volume has been a long time in the making. The editor began experimenting with large units and topical organization more than twenty years ago, and later worked out materials for the grades with the assistance of Miss Lida Lee Tall, then supervisor and afterward assistant superintendent of schools in Baltimore County, Maryland. Tentative courses for Grades V–VIII, arranging the materials for interpretative organization in large units under carefully phrased topics, were worked out and embodied in the curriculum of Baltimore County published in 1915. This curriculum has been adopted bodily in many schools in all sections of the country, and the history courses referred to have been drawn upon rather freely, though for the most part without the courtesy of acknowledgment, by curriculum makers and textbook writers. Before the publication of this course of study the editor and Miss Tall had planned a series of textbooks and of supplementary volumes, but it proved impossible to apply our principles adequately within the limits of the ordinary school textbook and that part of the enterprise was laid aside.

The stories in the present volume, whose scope and purpose are explained in the "Introduction for Teachers,"

have been worked out in accordance with the detailed plans of the editor through the combined labors of Miss Tall and Mrs. Barnard. Miss Tall did the pioneer work in exploring the literature of the field, locating the materials, and making extended drafts of more than half the stories. Mrs. Barnard, who, as a publisher's editor, had assisted us in seeing through the press an earlier text which dealt briefly with the age of discovery, gave us her aid at this point. She has worked over all the materials previously accumulated, completing and rewriting the stories and preparing new ones to fill out the series, so that their present literary form is chiefly her work, while the preparation of the illustrations and maps is also to be credited to her. The Index was prepared under the direction of Miss Tall by Miss Catherine Miller Mulford, assistant librarian of the Maryland State Normal School at Towson.

Like all recent students of this period we are of course indebted to Professor William R. Shepherd of Columbia University for his interpretation of the "expansion of Europe" as a major development in world history, and to Professor James T. Shotwell's emphasis upon the Commercial Revolution in his illuminating synthesis of economic and social history, less known from his own writings than from those of his students. We are also indebted to Professor Henry Johnson's teachings concerning the adapting of history to children.

J. MONTGOMERY GAMBRILL

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INTRODUCTION FOR TEACHERS

Character, Purpose, and Use of This Book

This small book, the fruit of many years of study, labor, and experiment, is not one more volume of conventional history tales for children but a carefully planned unit of a larger design, in which the selection and grouping of subjects, the detail and treatment of stories, are the result of definite purpose and choice.

The conventional textbook, attempting a general survey of national or regional history, is necessarily very compact. A much richer offering is often needed, both for interest and for understanding. Children, if given the right kind of material, will read many times as much as they ordinarily do and with the result of making history not harder, but very much easier and more entertaining. The main themes should be treated at greater length than is usual in textbooks, in order to achieve the vividness, dramatic quality, and concreteness of detail that are essential to convey to young children a sense of reality concerning the people and events of the past. In this respect practice has lagged far behind the best professional thought. Nearly twenty years ago Professor Henry Johnson referred sarcastically to "the principle that the way to make a thing particularly elementary is not to say much about it," and he pointed out that "abundance of detail for visualizing" is necessary "to make the past real." This view has been emphasized by other students of the problem, and very recently Professor H. O. Rugg, conducting elaborate investigations to compile the materials for a general social science

course, has reached the conclusion that "Scientific study shows that if pupils are to experience keenly and retain long the prosaic facts, principles, concepts, and problems of modern life, it can be only through rich, personalized anecdotal, and narrative materials," and that such a treatment "compels considerable enlargement of school textbooks." Experiments in recent years, notably in the laboratory schools of the University of Chicago, prove that children, if given a fair chance, will not only read longer accounts with pleasure and profit but will use an astonishing number and variety of books. It is very clear that if we are to develop in children a taste for reading history and an interest in its materials and problems, we must escape the bondage of the conventional text. The present volume, designed to assist toward this laudable end, tells at much greater length than is possible in the ordinary school textbook the story of *How the Old World Found the New.*

A second cardinal feature, intended at the same time to reveal and interpret what is most significant historically and to conform to a fundamental principle of good teaching, is the organization of the material into a few large units, each of which is carefully developed by means of stories chosen for the purpose, with the close integration of the whole. It is a very common and a very fundamental vice in the teaching of history to present a year-long string of details which, if not wholly unrelated, are at least no more than an unorganized sequence. Instead, the more important story themes should be so chosen and so grouped as to indicate clearly the major aspects of development and their underlying relations, while the choice of detail should be governed by its significance for historical interpretation, though to some extent also by its usefulness in arousing interest and creating a sense of reality. Historical values and the child's interest must

both be regarded. This difficult process of analysis and synthesis should be worked out with care and ingenuity in the phrasing of group and story titles that will fall within the comprehension of children and engage their interest. The "historical continuity" so much emphasized by Professor J. H. Robinson and other protagonists of the "new history" as "the most fundamental and valuable truth which the past has to teach us," and so strongly urged for school history by Professor Henry Johnson, should be earnestly sought throughout, and related events that might otherwise be thought of as separate developments should be carefully tied together in the narrative.

These principles have been applied as faithfully as possible in presenting a group of stories to answer the first big question in American history: *How the Old World Found the New.* This happens also to be an important question in world history. America's beginning was an outgrowth of the expansion of Europe overseas, resulting in the opening of sea roads to the East and the finding of the Western World, in a vast Commercial Revolution, a knowledge of world geography, and the first stages of the Europeanization of the world. The discovery of America was really a gradual process of uncovering and defining the coast lines and exploring and becoming acquainted with the vast interior. The first voyage of Columbus was merely the initial event. He opened the road. Leaving the story of settlement as a separate subject, this tale of exploration and discovery, so dramatic, so rich in human interest, and so well lending itself to biographical treatment, is here presented in text and picture.

The stories are arranged in three main groups.

Group I, Europe and the Wonderful East, presents the basic factors in the expansion of Europe. The story of Marco Polo might almost have been made to order for our purpose. Born in

Venice, the chief European center of the Oriental trade, belonging to a family of merchants and travelers in the East, Marco Polo crossed the entire length of Asia to the Pacific Coast, lived and traveled widely in the Far East for nearly a score of years, and having gone out by land routes, he returned by ship along the coast from China to Persia. His book, the greatest single contribution to geographical knowledge ever made, did much to stimulate European interest in the East and to inflame the ambition of seekers for sea roads to its riches and wonders. Such a road was actually opened through the efforts of Prince Henry and the enterprising captains of Portugal.

The second division, Europe Seeks the East and Finds the West, tells the story of those efforts to find sea roads to the East that resulted in the discovery of the Western World and gradually revealed its long eastern coast line, its numerous outlying islands, its great Atlantic bays and rivers. It includes also that epoch-making voyage of Magellan which revealed a vast ocean between America and Asia and accomplished the first circumnavigation of the earth.

The third division, How Europe Came to Know the Western World, tells of Europe's growing interest in the New World of America apart from the search for routes to the East. It pictures the lure of gold, the passion for conquest, the zealous activities of missionary and trader and empire builder, all contributing to the exploration of the vast interior of America and of her Pacific Coast, and resulting in ever-growing knowledge of her enormous size, immense resources, magnificent scenery, and native inhabitants.

Among the difficulties in preparing a book for children on the age of discovery is the number of doubtful "facts" and controversial issues deriving from sources that are inadequate or contra-

dictory. It is contended by some, for example, that Columbus was not an Italian and that his exploring interest was really directed toward new lands and not the Indies and Cathay, while the extent to which Prince Henry of Portugal was interested in a new route to the Far East is largely a matter of conjecture. Such issues can be competently debated only by specialists fully acquainted with the primary sources, and certainly a book for children is no place in which to thresh them out. We have sought to follow the conclusions generally accepted by scholars, while indicating here and there the existence of the few doubts and uncertainties, of which children should be made aware early in their study of history. The story of the Norse voyages five hundred years before that of Columbus are omitted because, as Professor Channing pithily remarks, "The history of America would have been precisely what it has been if Leif Ericsson had never been born and if no Northman had ever steered his knorr west of Iceland." It is not improbable that other early wanderers landed on American shores, and very likely fishermen from western Europe visited them from time to time, but if so it all led to nothing. The Norse stories are interesting and may well be told separately, but it would be confusing to interpolate them into the present plan.

A feature of the book is frequent quotations from eyewitnesses and contemporary narratives, with a view to giving color, a sense of reality, and a simple idea of how facts about the past become known to us long afterward. An Appendix gives a list of primary sources to which teachers and children may turn. The illustrations contribute to the same end, most of them being drawn from contemporary or nearly contemporary sources, and in several respects, as for example the history of ships, tracing interesting developments in a series of pictures.

Such a book as this, continued in successive volumes treating later units of the story of America's development, might with enormous advantage replace the conventional textbook. It may be used in a variety of other ways, however, — as a supplementary book of stories for courses in American history, "European backgrounds," World history, geography, or "Social Studies," or simply as a historical reader. Whatever purpose it may serve, the teacher is urged to conduct the study in terms of the large units, and never piecemeal in a succession of small bits. Each main unit of work should be introduced by oral discussion, skillfully directed by the teacher to engage the interest of the children and to stimulate their desire to read particular stories for the satisfaction of specific curiosities, while the study of the unit should culminate in a final discussion and summary to formulate and assemble the important general conclusions. A story like that of Marco Polo, for example, should be read all at once and in the first instance primarily as a good story to satisfy interests that have been aroused; the reading may then be followed by analytical discussion to fix attention upon general facts about the articles and routes of the Oriental trade, the reasons for high prices, and many other significant details, which in turn can be drawn upon in later discussions about basic relations and developments. With older children the teacher may in part reverse this order and so shape the initial discussion as to direct the study toward the finding of specific facts and the discovery of their interrelations, a process that would naturally be followed to some extent even with a fourth or fifth grade.

The topical treatment of stories and groups makes it important to adopt suitable devices to keep the chronology straight; this may be done by placing on the blackboard a time line or chart of parallel columns, to be extended as the reading advances. Dates

should be used rather than "taught," though a few very pivotal dates should be memorized. A reference list of dates has been provided in an Appendix, to avoid having too many in the text. To make a narrative concrete and vivid, to convey a sense of reality, there must be included names and colorful details and figurative expressions which are not in themselves of any importance and which it would be folly to require children to memorize. It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the teacher who allows the pupils to get lost in a maze of detail, even very interesting detail, is missing the main point. The test of achievement should be, not the recall of details for themselves, but the use of details in a coherent story of some important development and its connection with what preceded and followed.

J. MONTGOMERY GAMBRILL

HOW THE OLD WORLD FOUND THE NEW



A WATER–STREET IN VENICE TODAY

This is the main highway of Venice, called the Grand Canal. The gondola in the foreground is probably much like those Marco saw when he was a little boy

EUROPE AND THE WONDERFUL EAST

I

HOW MARCO POLO WENT TO CHINA

ALMOST seven hundred years ago a boy named Marco Polo lived in Italy. His home was in Venice, that queer city built on islands out in the blue Adriatic Sea. It was fun to live there. The streets were of water, and people went about in low boats with sharp-pointed, turned-up ends. Along these water-streets rose gay-colored houses and marble palaces. For Venice was a city of rich merchants and shipowners.

Almost every day Marco could look out of his window and see ships with painted sails coming into the harbor, bringing treasures from countries in the far-off East. Marco's uncle was a merchant, and some of the ships belonged to him. When one of those came in, Marco could run to watch its wonderful cargo unloaded. Sometimes it brought them smooth white ivory from Egypt, sometimes perfumes from Arabia, or, again, great piles of soft rugs from Persia, or casks of pepper and spices from India. Sometimes there would even be embroidered silks from the mysterious distant land of China, to which no European had ever gone.

There were pictures of dragons on the Chinese silk, and Marco must have wondered if there were really animals like that in China. But neither his uncle nor the sailors on the ships could tell him. They had never gone so far. Most of



CAMELS BRINGING TREASURES FROM THE EAST
European ships wait for them in the harbor. (From an old drawing)

them had sailed only across the Mediterranean Sea to some city on its southeastern shore. There they had landed to meet the caravans of men and camels that had traveled for months across deserts and mountains and seas to bring them the treasures of Persia and India and far-off China.

For in those days people in Europe knew [illegible] world away from home. Most of them [illegible] earth was flat and divided into three parts — [illegible] and Africa. Marco's uncle had seen a map that showed it that way, with the Mediterranean Sea somewhere in the middle and a strip of ocean coiled around the outside. The map-maker was not very sure about the shape of any of it. For most of even this small world Europeans had never seen. Asia and Africa were like fairylands into which they had only peeped. The ocean was a fearful Green Sea of Darkness, over whose rim they thought ships might sail never to return.



A MAP MADE IN MARCO POLO'S TIME

Showing the world flat like a pie, and divided into three main parts: Asia, Europe, and Africa. The ring around the edge is the ocean. The Don and Nile Rivers and the Mediterranean Sea form a T in the middle; so this kind of map was often called a T-map. East is at the top, and west at the bottom. The map must be turned half around to show the continents in proper position

To be sure, some of Marco's sailor friends had ventured out into it. But they had kept close up the coast of Europe to trade, or crept, instead, a hundred miles southward along the African shore. For ships were clumsy and slow, and sailors feared to go out of sight of land. Many of them had not even a compass and had to guess their way by the sun and the North Star.

d into the wonderful East was as perilous.
res of Asia and Africa around the Medi-
held by dark-skinned Mohammedan peoples



THE WORLD AS VENETIANS OF MARCO POLO'S TIME KNEW IT

Most of them had never been beyond the Mediterranean Sea. Cathay, India, and the Tatar Empire were only mysterious names to them

with whom the Christians of Europe were often at war. Behind these shores stretched deserts, wild mountain ranges, and strange, sometimes hostile tribes.

Yet one bold trader with whom Marco talked had gone the long sandy miles into Persia. Another had sailed across the Black Sea. Both of them told Marco stories they had heard of a great emperor, a Tatar called Kublai Khan, who



MARCO'S FATHER AND UNCLE STARTING ON THEIR JOURNEY IN ASIA

They are bidding their friends good-by at a city gate. Notice the kind of clothes men and women wore in those days. (From an old drawing)

had conquered most of Asia. His kingdom, they said, was the greatest in the world, and he had palaces glittering with jewels in China itself.

We may be sure that Marco liked to talk to these traders who had gone into the East. He hoped that sometime one of them would bring him news of his father, Nicolo Polo,

whom he had never seen. For the year that Marco was born his father and uncle had sailed away on a trading voyage to the other side of the Black Sea. Ten, twelve, fourteen, years passed with no news of them, and people said they must have died. But one day in the year 1269, when Marco



THE GREAT KHAN GIVING THE POLOS HIS GOLDEN TABLET

This is the way a European artist of the time imagined that the Great Khan looked. On page 18 you can see how he really looked, in a portrait from life by a Chinese artist

was fifteen years old, who should sail into the harbor but Nicolo Polo and his brother Maffeo, both well and strong!

Great was the excitement in Venice, and the tale the Polos had to tell of their travels was so strange that they could have had listeners every minute of the day. For they had actually gone to the edge of the East, to the wonderful land of China, or Cathay, as it was then called. They had been

to the court of the emperor Kublai Khan, "the lord of lords, ruler of so many cities, so many gardens, so many fishpools." They had seen the golden blossoms that "burned upon the trees" in his garden. The Khan himself had received them kindly. He had asked questions about life in Europe, about the emperors there, and the wonderful city of Rome. When they were ready to return, he gave them a tablet of gold which directed that they "should be supplied with everything needful in all the countries through which they should pass."

The story seemed to the Venetians as wonderful as if the Polos had followed the rainbow and found the pot of gold at the end of it. No one, indeed, could have been more excited than Marco, for his father promised that when they returned to China, he should go too.

So one day, two years later, Marco sailed with his father and his uncle Maffeo out of the harbor of Venice and down the shining Adriatic Sea, bound for the kingdom of the Great Khan. They crossed the Mediterranean Sea, following the course Marco had often heard the sailors describe, and landed on the eastern shore. There they set out on camels for their three years' journey across the wide land of Asia.

They traveled through the old rich cities of Armenia and Persia. They saw Mosul, where muslins were woven, and Bagdad, "the noblest and greatest city in all those regions," glittering with silk stuffs and gold brocades. They crossed mountains, full of turquoise mines, on whose summits perched "the best falcons in the world."

But all the way was not so pleasant. Soon they fell in with fierce robber tribes. Some of the party were killed, some were captured, and Marco himself barely escaped with his life. Finally, at the hot harbor of Ormuz on the Indian Ocean, Marco was taken ill. But there too for the first time he beheld with his own eyes ships from India "loaded with spicery and precious stones, pearls, cloths of silk and gold, elephants' teeth, and many other wares." They glittered like a promise of the greater wonders of Cathay.

Resolutely, as soon as Marco was well enough, the Polos pushed northward. Across barren deserts eight days long, across salt deserts where they nearly died of thirst, they toiled, up into the cold heights of the Himalaya Mountains. There after weeks of climbing they reached the high Pamir pass, called "roof of the world." For twelve days they rode across it, "finding nothing but desert without houses or any green thing." "The region is so lofty and cold," said Marco, "that you do not even see any birds flying. And I must notice also that, because of this great cold, fire does not burn so brightly nor give out so much heat as usual."

Forty days more they traveled, over mountains and valleys and rivers, before they came to any village. Then when they were fairly through the mountains they found themselves on the edge of the terrible Gobi desert. There, so Marco was told, travelers were sometimes lured away by



THE JOURNEY OF THE POLOS

It gave Europeans the first detailed knowledge of the southern coasts of Asia and the islands beyond. The picture at the top shows Marco Polo on his way home from the East, as a European artist of long ago imagined him.

strange sounds of drums or spirit voices. "The length of this desert," said Marco, "is so great that 'tis said it would take a year and more to ride from one end of it to the other. And here where its breadth is least it takes a month to cross it. 'Tis all composed of hills and valleys of sand, and not a thing to eat is to be found on it."

So "journeying on, summer and winter," sometimes on horses, sometimes on camels, sometimes afoot, the Polos after more than a thousand days came among the roving Tatar people, of whose race was the emperor Kublai himself. For it was these Tatars, with their thousands on thousands of hardy soldiers, able to "ride ten days on end without lighting a fire or taking a meal," who had conquered not only China but "the biggest half of the world" of that time — most of Asia and part of Europe. "If you were to put together all the Christians in the world with their emperors and kings," said Marco, "the whole of these Christians would not have such power . . . as this Kublai, who is lord of all the Tatars in the world."

Most of the Tatars lived in cities now, in the old rich countries they had conquered — some in Persia, some in Russia and Siberia, thousands in China with the Khan. But a few of them still roamed the plains from which they first had come, carrying their houses about with them and camping in the warm plains in winter and in the cool mountains in the summer time. "Their houses are circular," related Marco, "and are made of wands covered with

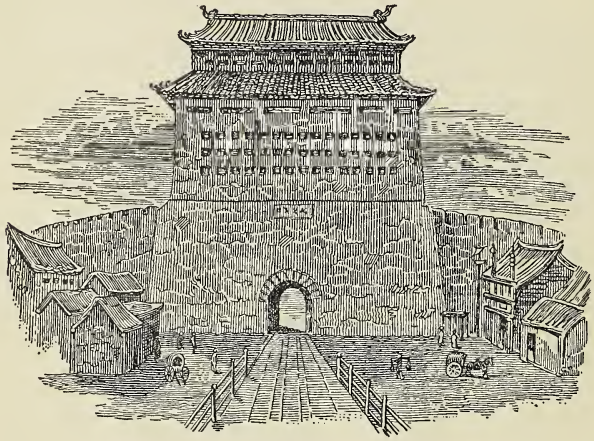


A TATAR HOUSE DRAWN BY OXEN

A Tatar with a long lance rides on horseback beside it

felts. . . . These [houses] are drawn by oxen and camels, and the women and children travel in them."

Now after three years the Polos were on the wide, tree-shaded roads of Cathay, approaching the palace of the emperor himself. At every twenty-five miles of the way stood



AN OLD CITY GATE AT PEKING

one of his post-stations for his messengers to rest in, "a large and handsome building" with all the rooms furnished in rich silk. "And in sooth," said Marco, "this is a thing done on the greatest scale of magnificence that ever was seen. Never had emperor, king, or lord such wealth as this manifests. For it is a fact that on all these posts taken together there are more than three hundred thousand horses kept up, specially for the use of the messengers. And the great

buildings that I have mentioned are more than ten thousand in number, all richly furnished, as I told you."

In these splendid hostelries the Polos too were entertained. When they were still forty days' journey from the palace, horsemen and runners sped to meet them with messages from the Khan. Finally the Polos rode through the royal park, "with its fountains and brooks," and were ushered into the Khan's summer palace. The palace was of marble, and the rooms were "all gilt and painted with figures of men and beasts and birds and with a variety of trees and flowers," said Marco.

There the Great Khan, surrounded by his barons, received the Polos. They threw themselves on the ground before him. But the Khan "bade them stand up, and treated them with honor, showing great pleasure at their coming." Spying Marco, he asked who was that in their company.

"Sire," said Nicolo Polo, "this is my son."

"He is welcome, too," said the Khan.

There was great rejoicing at the court because of their arrival, and the Polos stayed among the barons at the palace.

When the emperor went from his summer palace to his winter palace, the Polos went with him. All along the way they marveled at the trade, the wealth, the comfort, far beyond anything in Venice or all Europe. Where Peking now stands they saw Kublai's capital city of Cambaluc, twenty-four miles about and "all walled round with walls

of earth" fifty feet high. Above each of its twelve gates and on each angle of the wall stood "a great and handsome palace." Inside the walls "the whole city is arranged in squares just like a chessboard," Marco said. "The streets are so straight and wide that you can see right along them from end to end and from one gate to the other."

Within this city another square wall, four miles about, inclosed the palace grounds, where white stags sported among the trees and fish swam in the clear lake. In this park stood a high hill "entirely covered with trees that never lose their leaves but remain ever green. And I assure you," Marco tells us, "that wherever a beautiful tree may exist, and the emperor gets news of it, he sends for it. . . . No matter how big the tree may be, he gets it carried by his elephants. And in this way he has got together the most beautiful collection of trees in all the world."

As for the winter palace itself, "the building is altogether so vast, so rich, and so beautiful," said Marco, "that no man on earth could design anything superior to it. The outside of the roof . . . is all covered with vermilion and yellow and green and blue and other hues, which . . . shine like crystal." Inside, the walls "are all covered over with gold and silver. . . . The Hall of the Palace is so large that it could easily dine six thousand people, and it is quite a marvel to see how many rooms there are besides."

When the emperor gave a banquet, he sat at a raised table at one end of the hall, with his barons ranged at



A CHINESE PALACE IN THE TIME OF KUBLAI KHAN
From an old Chinese painting

tables below him in order of their rank. All the plates and pitchers and cups were of pure gold. "In fact," said Marco, "the Great Khan has such a quantity of this kind of plate

and of gold and silver in other shapes as no one ever before saw or heard tell of or could believe."

"And when the emperor is going to drink," Marco went on, "all the musical instruments begin to play. And when he takes the cup, all the barons and the rest of the company drop on their knees.... And when all have dined and the tables have been removed, then come in a great number of players and jugglers and perform before the emperor, so that everybody is full of laughter and enjoyment."



KUBLAI KHAN

Wearing a richly embroidered robe. (From a Chinese engraving)

Thirteen of these great feasts the emperor held every year. For each one he gave his twelve thousand barons new and gorgeous suits of the proper color for the day. For instance, "on his birthday," Marco tells us, "the Great Khan dresses in the best of his robes, all wrought with beaten gold, and full twelve thousand barons and knights on that day come forth dressed in robes precisely like those of the Great Khan except that they are not so costly.... And I will aver that there are some of these suits decked with so many pearls and precious stones that a single suit shall be worth full ten thousand gold bezants."

It did not take Marco long to learn the customs of the court. Soon he could speak and write the Tatar language as well as he could Italian. "And he was discreet and prudent in every way, insomuch that the emperor held him in great esteem" and began to send him on important missions to distant parts of the kingdom.

Now, Marco had several times observed that when the Khan's "ambassadors returned from different parts of the world, they were able to tell him nothing except the business on which they had gone, and that the Khan in consequence held them no better than fools." "I would much rather hear about the strange things and the manners of the different countries you have seen," the Khan would say, "than merely be told of the business you went upon."

Marco therefore "took great pains to learn about all kinds of different matters in the countries which he visited in order to be able to tell about them to the Great Khan." The emperor was so much pleased that he said, "If this young man live, he will assuredly come to be a person of great worth and ability."

So for seventeen years Marco Polo served the Great Khan, "continually going and coming hither and thither on the missions that were intrusted to him." Thus it came about, says an old writer, that Marco Polo "had knowledge of, or had actually visited, a greater number of the different countries of the world than any other man."

Most wonderful of all was his trip into southern China,

or Manzi, as it was then called, which had just been conquered by the Great Khan. There on the banks of "the greatest river in the world," the Yangtze-Kiang, gleamed "two hundred great cities, besides towns and villages." On its waters passed more "vessels and wealth and merchandise than on all the rivers and all the seas of Christendom put together." At one port alone Marco Polo counted fifteen thousand ships.

In this region too was Kinsay, or the "City of Heaven," which Marco said was "beyond dispute the finest and noblest in the world." Twelve thousand stone bridges crossed its blue canals. Along its paved streets shone palaces and gardens, houses and shops full of "spices and jewels and pearls."

Beside the city lay a lake of "fresh and exquisitely clear water" thirty miles about. On two islands in its midst were two buildings rich and beautiful enough to be the palaces of an emperor. Yet to them anyone in the city might come to give a feast. There he would find a banquet hall all ready for him, its tables gleaming with silver and china dishes. So vast indeed were these palaces that sometimes there would be a hundred different parties going on at once, each in its separate banquet hall.

Around the lake moved great pleasure barges, poled along by crews standing on the flat roofs. Gay-colored paintings covered the inside of the roof and walls, and windows gave a view of the shore, with its "numberless



A CHINESE VILLA BESIDE A LAKE IN THE TIME OF KUBLAI KHAN
From an old Chinese painting

palaces, temples, and gardens full of lofty trees." In these bright cabins too were tables always set for feasting.

Far south of Kinsay, Marco Polo came to the harbor of Zayton, full of ships loaded with spices and "the most astonishing quantity of precious stones and pearls." For in that ocean off China, so sailors told Marco, lay seven thousand islands full of "valuable and odorous woods" and "a great variety of spices." Now, to Marco Polo those islands of spice trees seemed as precious as gold mines do to us. For in those days people in Europe did not have cloves and nutmegs on their pantry shelves. So scarce were they that only kings and nobles could afford them, and these kept them under lock and key.

Yet here, Marco Polo heard, were islands fragrant with those precious trees. "In those islands," he said, "grows pepper as white as snow, as well as the black in great quantities. In fact, the riches of those islands is something wonderful, whether in gold or precious stones, or in all manner of spicery; but they lie so far off from the mainland that it is hard to get to them. And when the ships of Zayton and Kinsay do voyage thither they make vast profits by their venture."

Among those islands lay one called Cipango, or Japan, whose people were civilized and handsome. "The quantity of gold they have is endless," Marco Polo tells us, "for they find it in their own islands." As for their ruler, "you must know that he hath a great palace which is entirely roofed

with fine gold, just as our churches are roofed with lead. . . . Moreover, all the pavement of the palace and the floors of its chambers are entirely of gold, in plates like slabs of stone a good two fingers thick, and the windows also are of gold, so that altogether the richness of this palace is past all bound and all belief." Precious stones these Japanese had also, with many rose-colored pearls.

But now after so many years and so many travels in strange lands the Polos began to wish to be at home once more in Venice. They had "acquired great wealth in jewels and gold," which they were anxious to take back there. Several times they had asked the Khan's leave to go, but he "liked so much to have them about him that nothing on earth would persuade him to let them go."

Then one day their chance came. The ruler of Persia sent ambassadors to Kublai to ask the hand of a princess of Cathay. The bride he chose was a maiden of seventeen named Cocachin, "a very beautiful and charming person." Now, the ambassadors feared to take Cocachin to Persia overland, because of wars among the Tatar princes along the way and because of the "great fatigue of that long land-journey for a lady." The only other way was to sail around the long coasts of China and India, of which they knew but little.

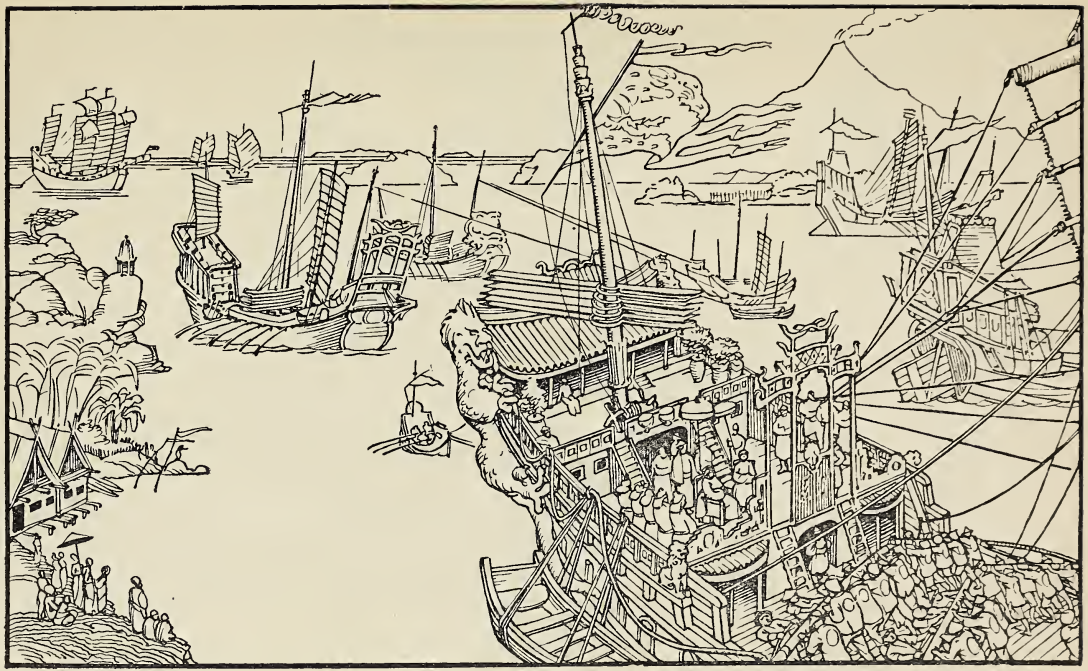
Just at this time Marco chanced to return from India, "whither he had gone as the Khan's ambassador, and made his report of all the different things he had seen in his travels,

and of the sundry seas over which he had voyaged." The Persian ambassadors saw that he "had great knowledge and experience of the Indian Sea and the countries by which they would have to pass," so they went to the Great Khan and begged as a favor that he would send the Polos with them on the long voyage.

This the Khan was very loath to do, but at last he did give them permission. As passports he gave the Polos two golden tablets, which they had only to show in any of his dominions to obtain whatever they might wish. "He charged them also with messages to the king of France, the king of England, the king of Spain, and the other kings of Christendom." He then ordered thirteen great ships made ready for them, to be stocked with provisions for two years.

So finally the Polos embarked. For three months they sailed down the coasts of China and Cochin China. They were the first Europeans, so far as we know, to see this part of the world, to peep into Siam, and to round the Malay Peninsula. For five months they waited on the island of Sumatra for favorable winds. There they found "plenty of camphor" and ugly beasts which Marco called unicorns, but which we know to have been rhinoceroses.

Then for eighteen months more they sailed the "Sea of India," passing islands full of naked savages and "valuable kinds of trees." They touched at Ceylon, "the best island of its size in the world." Indeed, "you must know," related



MARCO POLO'S FLEET

Compare these Chinese ships with the European ones on pages 30 and 45. These have a high square stern and bow and four masts with square sails made of matting. Notice the many rowers who stand up to push and pull on each one of the tremendous oars, in the lower right-hand corner of the picture

Polo, "that rubies are found in this island, and in no other country in the world but this. They find there also sapphires and topazes and amethysts and many other stones of price. And the king of this island possesses a ruby which is the finest and biggest in the world; I will tell you what it is like. It is about a palm in length, and as thick as a man's arm It is quite free from flaw and as red as fire."

In the strait between Ceylon and India Marco came upon pearl fishers diving and bringing up shells full of pearls. "For from thence," he said, "come the pearls which are spread all over the world." Along the Indian coast Marco saw rice and cotton growing and "many and divers beasts quite different from those of other parts of the world." There were lions black all over, and parrots of many sorts, red, blue, and green, "forming the most charming sight in the world."

Here too were kings wearing gold bracelets and anklets, and necklaces of rubies, sapphires, and emeralds. Here were numberless cities and towns and people. In several ports Polo found ships both from the East and from the West, from China and from Arabia. But, said he, "the ships that go in the latter direction are not one to ten of those that go to the eastward."

The sea off India too was full of islands. Marco believed that there were twelve thousand of them, all full of strange and wonderful beasts.

Especially interesting to Europeans was the fact that here on the edge of the East Polo had heard of a Christian king. Although his kingdom was on the African mainland, it was part of the Indies, Marco tells us, and was called "Middle



THE POLOS IN TATAR COSTUME
Are refused admittance to their own house

India," or Abyssinia. Here were many cities and villages, with merchants and manufactures of fine cotton cloth. Here were giraffes, and ostriches as big as asses. Here too were armies of elephants, with which the king fought against all Mohammedans.

Now in those days people all through Europe believed that

somewhere in the East — in Asia or Africa — dwelt a mighty Christian king who would some day unite with them to conquer all the Mohammedans in the world. There were many legends about him. He had a scepter of solid emerald, some people said, and seventy kings served him. Years afterwards, as you will see, people who read what Marco Polo had said about Abyssinia began to search Africa for it, because they thought it must be the country of the Christian king of whom they had dreamed so long.

But Marco did not go to see this Abyssinian king and the marvelous islands of the Indian Ocean. Already six hundred of his company had died on the long tropical voyage. The Polos were glad at last to be back in the port of Ormuz and to take the road overland to the camp of the Persian king. There they safely delivered the precious bride. So well had they cared for her that she had come to feel toward them as a daughter, and wept for sorrow when they said good-by. The Persian king was so grateful that he too gave them golden tablets as passports and ordered troops of horsemen to escort them through all his kingdom.

The Polos had been gone from Venice almost twenty-six years. When Marco had sailed away, he was little more than a boy. Now when they came back he was a bearded man. They all three looked so much like the strange Tatar people that no one would believe they were Venetians. When they knocked at the door of their own house, their cousins who

lived there thought them impostors. What was to be done? They hit upon a plan.

They invited a number of their relatives to a splendid banquet. When it was time to sit down to table, they came out in crimson-satin robes reaching to the ground. When the guests were seated, they took off those robes and put on others of crimson damask, ordering the first suits to be cut up and divided among the servants.

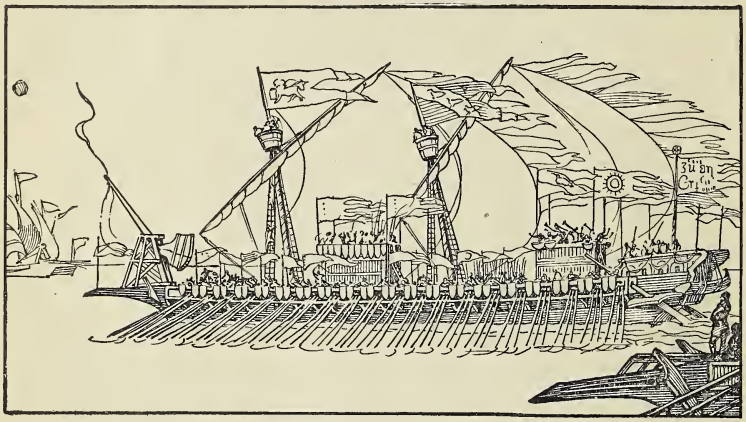
After eating some of the courses they went out again and came back in robes of crimson velvet, ordering the second suits to be divided as before. "When dinner was over, they did the like with the robes of velvet, after they had put on dresses of the fashion worn by the rest of the company."

Then Marco brought out the three shabby garments they had worn when they had first arrived. "Straightway they took sharp knives and began to rip some of the seams." Out poured jewels of Cathay, — rubies, emeralds, sapphires, carbuncles, and diamonds, — "which had all been stitched up in those dresses in so artful a fashion that nobody could have suspected the fact." The guests were dumfounded. Now they knew that "these surely were those worthy gentlemen of the house of Polo that they claimed to be."

When the story got out in Venice, the whole city, rich and poor, flocked to do the Polos honor. Messer Maffeo, who was the eldest, was given an important office in the city, and the young men came daily to visit "the polite

and gracious Messer Marco and ask him questions about Cathay and the Great Khan."

Marco Polo hoped to live the rest of his life quietly in Venice. But if he had done so we might not know of his



MARCO POLO'S WAR GALLEY

This is a long, low ship, meant for rowing more than sailing. It has a sharp beak for ramming other boats, a war machine in the bow, and great crow's nests on the masts for look-outs and archers. At one mast-head is the flag of Venice,— a winged lion with a sword. On the other is the banner of the Polos,— a device with three crows

wonderful adventures, for it might never have occurred to him to write a book about them. It so happened, however, that war was going on between Venice and Genoa, another city in Italy, and Marco Polo was given command of one of the Venetian warships.

In a battle off Genoa that lasted all day, the Venetians were defeated. Marco Polo, with thousands of others, was

captured and put into prison in Genoa. In Marco's cell was a learned man to whom he told the tale of his Eastern journey. The man was so much interested that he wrote the story down as Marco told it. For he said, "Never hath there



MARCO POLO IN PRISON AT GENOA
Telling the story of his travels

been Christian or pagan, or Tatar or Indian, or any man of any nation who in his own person hath had so much knowledge and experience of the divers parts of the world and its wonders as hath had this Messer Marco."

Long after Marco was free and had gone home to Venice, that story was copied so that other people might read it.

A hundred years later, as you will see, princes and sailors, merchants and scholars, all over Europe were still studying that book of Marco Polo's travels to see if they too might not find a way to the treasures of the Indies. For still it told Europeans more new things about the world in which they lived than any book that had ever been written. And it is from that very book that we today know many important things about India and China in those days, as well as how Marco Polo traveled in the East and lived at the palace of the Great Khan.

II

EUROPE FINDS A SEA ROAD TO THE EAST

MORE than a hundred years after Marco Polo's book was written, Pedro, a prince of Portugal, sailed to Venice. In the harbor he too saw ships unloading their fragrant cargoes of spices, as Marco had so long before. But the merchants with whom Pedro talked knew little more of the wonderful East from which the spices came than the sailors Marco had questioned when he was a boy. None of them had ever been there. All those shiploads of spices they had bought from the dark-skinned Mohammedans in Egypt or Syria, on the other side of the Mediterranean Sea.

For those Mohammedans still kept all the trade with the Far East. It was their ships that sailed back and forth to India across the Arabian Sea. It was their caravans that carried the spices across the long deserts to the Mediterranean shores. The only spices Europeans could get were what they could buy from these Mohammedans.

Pedro found people all through Venice reading with wonder the travels of Marco Polo. For in all those hundred years few European travelers had crossed Asia, and none had brought back so good an account as he. The great empire of Kublai Khan that had covered most of Asia was

long since broken up. Wars had raged through it. Now powerful Mohammedan tribes called Turks held most of the country between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Christians all through Europe feared them and sometimes fought them.

"No one nowadays would dare go through Asia as Marco Polo did," the Venetian merchants would say. "Some of the Turkish tribes would seize him. But Marco came back by sea. If we knew any way to get our ships into those waters, we could sail to the Indies ourselves. We could bring home spices or jewels directly, just as the Polos did."

"Oh," others would say, "if we could once get our ships into that ocean, we might find the Christian king of whom Marco Polo wrote. With his help we might conquer all the Mohammedans in the world. Then we could go into Asia as we liked."

But though the Venetian merchants talked about going to the East, they did not much care whether they got there or not. They feared the Turks, to be sure, who every day conquered new lands in Asia. But so long as Venice's trade was not injured, they were well enough content.

Pedro listened to all that they said. "That book of Marco Polo would be a fine present to take home to my brother Henry," he probably thought. So he ordered a copy written out with pictures and a map, to take with him when he finally sailed out through the Mediterranean Sea into the Atlantic Ocean, and so home to Portugal.



PICTURE-MAP OF ASIA MADE A CENTURY AFTER MARCO POLO'S JOURNEY

Coast lines and scenes were drawn by guess according to descriptions of Marco Polo and other travelers. This and the map on page 39 show the world as known when Prince Henry began his work

Prince Henry was delighted with the book. All his life he had been interested in finding out about strange, far countries. Ever since he was twenty-five years old he had lived on the lonely headland at the southwestern point of Portugal. There, with the wild, unknown Atlantic sweeping about him, he worked night and day, studying the stars, drawing maps, and planning sturdier ships. He determined that some day he would find out about parts of the world where no sailor or merchant of Europe had ever been.

Especially he hoped to find out about Africa, that stretched away to the south, as unknown as in the time of Marco Polo. Beyond the Mohammedan countries and the desert in the north no European had ever gone. Of the eastern part no one knew more than what Marco Polo had written about the mysterious country of the Christian king. Down the west coast no ship of Europe had ever sailed more than a few hundred miles. At a cape called Bojador, that stretched far out into the ocean, sailors had always turned back. (See map on page 51.)

Beyond that cape, they said, the land was desert, without inhabitants or trees or grass or water. As for the sea, it was full of currents "so terrible that no ship having once passed the cape would ever be able to return." Monsters might live in this Green Sea of Darkness, they thought, who would reach up and draw the ships down beneath the waves.

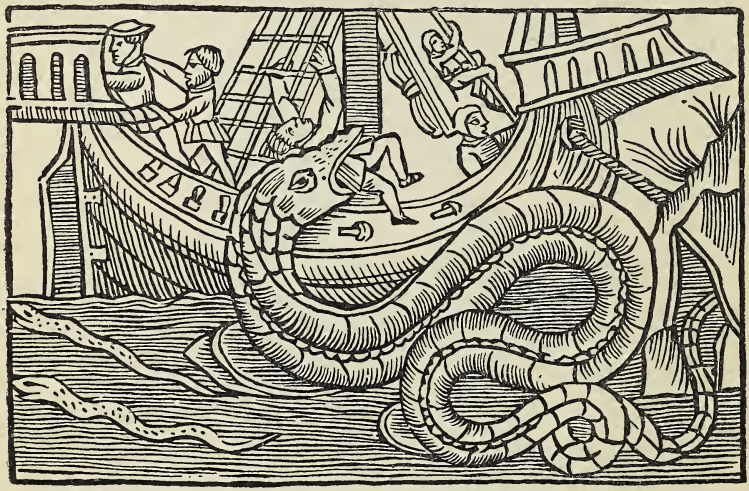
Prince Henry laughed at these foolish fears. Once he could get his ships beyond this cape, he believed, men's



PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR

From an old picture. In the upper left corner are his books and nautical instruments; in the lower right is the city of Ceuta, which he once conquered. The large seal above is that of the Order of the Garter, to which the Prince belonged. Its French motto means: "Evil to him who evil thinks." Prince Henry's own motto was "Desire to do well"

terrors would be gone, and they could find out about Africa. There they might find heathen people who could be made Christian. They might open treasures of gold or spices to the merchants of Portugal. They might even find Christians who would help in the war against the Mohammedans. Possibly



THE SEA OF DARKNESS, AS SAILORS IMAGINED IT
From a wood-cut of about Prince Henry's time

they might even reach that rich Christian kingdom of Abyssinia in eastern Africa of which Marco Polo had written.

"If only I can push my ships down the West African coast, beyond the Mohammedans and beyond the great desert," thought Prince Henry, "they might find a clear way through or around Africa to that Christian kingdom. Perhaps my men might reach it overland. Better still, they might find a river flowing across Africa up which they might sail. And



MAP OF EUROPE AND AFRICA MADE IN 1375

At the bottom of the map, notice the imaginary river drawn across Africa. Up such a river Prince Henry hoped his caravels might sail to the Christian kingdom of Nubia or Abyssinia on the eastern side

if there is no way through the land, who knows but Africa comes to an end at the south? If it does, we can sail our ships around into the Indian Ocean, and so to the Christian king and all the treasures of the Indies."

To this idea of opening up Africa Prince Henry gave most of his life. For, says an old chronicler, "it seemed to him that if he or some other lord did not endeavour to gain that knowledge, no mariners or merchants would ever dare attempt it. For it is clear that none of them ever trouble themselves to sail to a place where there is not a sure and certain hope of profit."

Every year for twelve years Prince Henry sent out ships. "Sail south," he would say to his captains, "and find out how far Africa extends, and what the land is like." But every year at Cape Bojador, "touched by the selfsame terror," they turned back. There was not one who dared to pass it.

Yet through all those disappointing years Prince Henry did not scold his timid captains, but received them "home again with great patience." He invited new sailors and shipbuilders, map-makers and scholars, to help him. "His palace was a school of hospitality . . . for strangers," says the Portuguese chronicler, "for commonly there were to be found in his presence men from various nations so different from our own that it was a marvel to well-nigh all our people." Finally on his rocky cape he built an observatory, shipyards, and houses for his helpers. "The Prince's Town" he called it.

He himself worked constantly. "All his days were passed in the greatest toil," wrote a Portuguese who knew him; "among all the nations there was no one man who was a sterner master of himself. It would be hard to tell how many nights he passed in which his eyes knew no sleep."



SEAMEN STUDYING NAVIGATION

Prince Henry's sailors and mapmakers did not have all these globes and instruments to help them. Many of them did not even know that the world is round. (From a sixteenth-century print)

At last he called to him a captain named Gil Eannes, bolder than the rest, and "charged him earnestly to strain every nerve to pass that cape." For, said the prince, "I wonder much at the notion you have all taken on so uncertain a matter. Even if these terrors that are reported had any authority, however small, I would not blame you.

But you tell me only the opinions of sailors who . . . know nothing of the compass or sailing chart. Go forth then and heed none of their words, . . . for with the grace of God you cannot but gain from this journey honor and profit."

So in 1434 Gil Eannes, "despising all danger," did go round the cape, and found the sea beyond as safe as the water at home, and the lands "quite contrary to what he, like others, had expected." There on that far African shore he landed and plucked some roses to take back to Prince Henry.

After that captains were no longer afraid. Other ships set out to pass Cape Bojador and bring home trophies of that African land. One captain brought a little bag of gold dust and some ostrich eggs, which were served up on the prince's table. Another, riding inland, caught sight of some of the dark-skinned people of the country, seized them, and brought them to Portugal. Soon ships were bringing not only these brown Moors, as the Portuguese called them, but black men, whom the Moors had captured in a land still farther south.

Prince Henry was delighted with these Africans. He thought they could tell him about their country, and he in turn could convert them to the Christian religion. But other men saw only a chance to sell them as slaves. After that, indeed, instead of scoffing at the prince, sailors and slave dealers, gold merchants, and adventurers from all Portugal flocked about him, eager to make the African voyage.

Ship after ship followed down the coast only far enough to seize a cargo of Moors and negroes and sail back home.

But Prince Henry stuck to his purpose. For the next twenty-five years he constantly urged his captains not to be content with gold or slaves, but to keep sailing farther down the African coast and farther up the rivers into the land. Always he hoped that someone might go into Africa far enough to get news of the Christian king and the rich Indies on the other side.

So year by year the prince's ships crept farther south, and a few of his men pressed faithfully inland making inquiries for the Christian king. One brave young fellow indeed stayed alone with a Moorish caravan, "only to see the country and bring the news of it to the prince." For seven months he traveled about with these half-savage people, through the burning sands, eating nothing but fish and drinking the milk of camels and brackish water. But he heard nothing of the Indies or the Christian king.

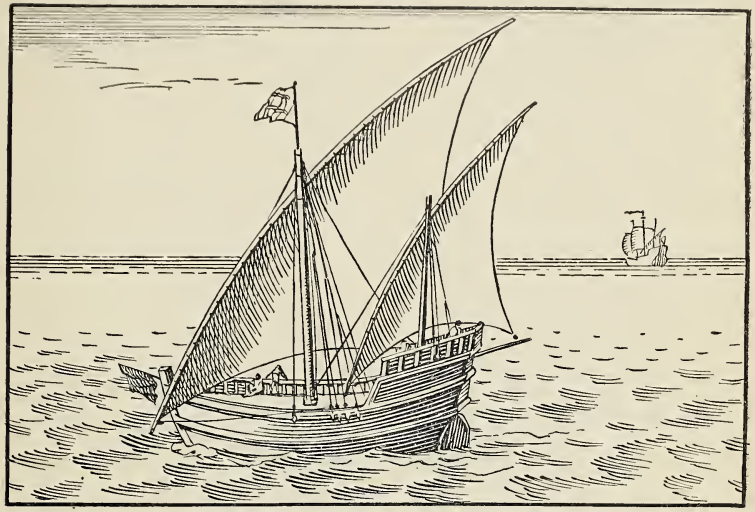
He brought back instead the first idea of the vast extent of the Sahara Desert. For three thousand leagues from the far Atlantic shore where he landed, northeastward to Alexandria, the country was all sandy, he told the prince. There was hardly a running stream in it, and few trees. But it was all peopled by "shepherd folk," wandering with their sheep and goats and camels. But to the south of the desert lay a green country full of black people, from which the Moors captured both gold and slaves.

It was not long before the prince's caravels, sailing farther and farther south, hove in sight of this pleasant shore, "covered with palms and other green and beautiful trees." And one "noble squire," Dinis Diaz, "never lowered sail" till he arrived at the great green cape that marks the farthest westward reach of Africa, to which he gave the name of Cape Verde. "And although," says the old chronicler, "his booty was not so great as that of some who arrived in the past, the prince thought it very great indeed, since it came from that land. And so he gave Dinis Diaz and his companions great rewards on account of it."

Moreover, in that country Dinis Diaz had spied two lofty palm trees which marked the outlet of a great river. "Perhaps," thought the Portuguese, "this is in truth the inland waterway across Africa to the Indies for which the prince has long been hoping." Other caravels sped down the coast in search of it. There indeed they came upon a wide, muddy stream, fringed with fragrant fruit trees and the huts of black men. But it was the river Senegal, that led inland but a few hundred miles.

Prince Henry died before his ships had gone halfway down the West African coast. He never knew that in all its weary length there was no river which would take men across to the Christian kingdom and the Indies on the other side. But his years of patient work were not in vain. The sea road he had opened stretched wide ahead, and the desire to follow it burned in the hearts of his countrymen.

South and still farther south Portuguese kings sent their caravels. Cautiously they coasted around the Gulf of Guinea until one daring captain, Diogo Cam, had set up above the mighty torrent of the Congo River a stone pillar



A PORTUGUESE CARAVEL

This is a sailing, instead of a rowing ship like the galley on page 30. It is short and broad and has high triangular sails on low masts. In their day the Portuguese caravels were the fastest sailing ships afloat

bearing a cross and the arms of Portugal. Still Diogo Cam kept south, beyond the rich negro kingdom he found there, until he set up the last of his pillars just north of Walfish Bay. He had discovered two-thirds of the West African coast below the equator.

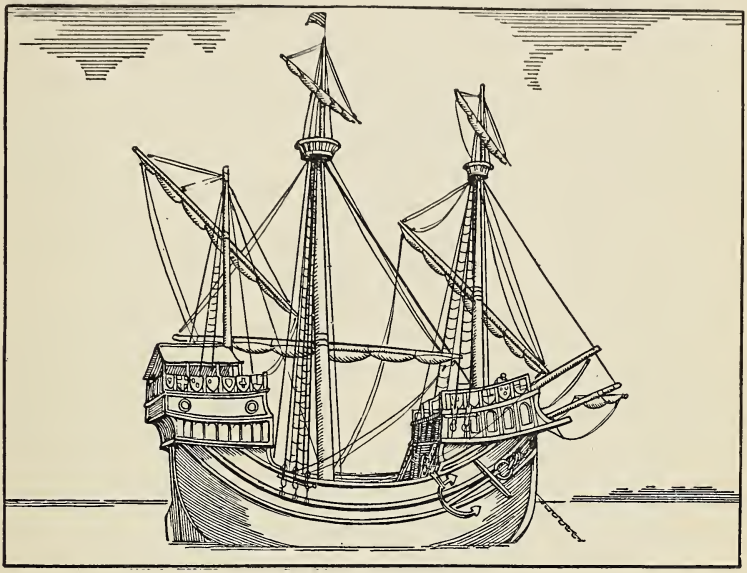
But another captain was to show far more clearly where this sea road led. His name was Bartholomew Diaz, and

he was a kinsman of Dinis Diaz, the discoverer of Cape Verde. In 1487, twenty-seven years after Prince Henry's death, Diaz sailed with three small ships steadily southward beyond the farthest point Cam had touched. In bitter cold, and driven by gigantic waves, he kept on until at last he rounded the end of Africa. Frightened and nearly frozen, the sailors refused to go farther. So, naming his discovery "Cape of Storms," Diaz sailed back to Portugal. When the king heard Diaz's story, he realized that the sea road led to the Indies indeed. So he crossed out the name "Cape of Storms" on Diaz's map and wrote, instead, "Cape of Good Hope."

Diaz had turned the corner. But it was ten years before anyone was to follow this sea road to its end. Then another Portuguese king commissioned a captain named Vasco da Gama to make the whole voyage around Africa to the East. He was to go to the very Indies themselves. He was to search for Christians who might help in the war against the Mohammedans, as Prince Henry had desired so long before. He was to load his ships with cargoes of spices and bring them home around Africa again by sea. If he could do that, the king believed, the Mohammedans could no longer control the spice trade. The Christians of Portugal could buy spices and jewels for themselves in the very markets of the East.

So the king fitted out four ships for Da Gama, with provisions for three years of voyaging. Two of the ships, the

São Gabriel and the *São Raphael*, were especially designed by Bartholomew Diaz to stand the long, stormy passage round the cape. Slower-sailing than Prince Henry's caravels, they were roomy and flat-bottomed, with square stern and



A PORTUGUESE SHIP

This was built after the model of Vasco da Gama's ships a few years later. Notice its sturdy square build, and high "castles," very different from the caravel shown on page 45

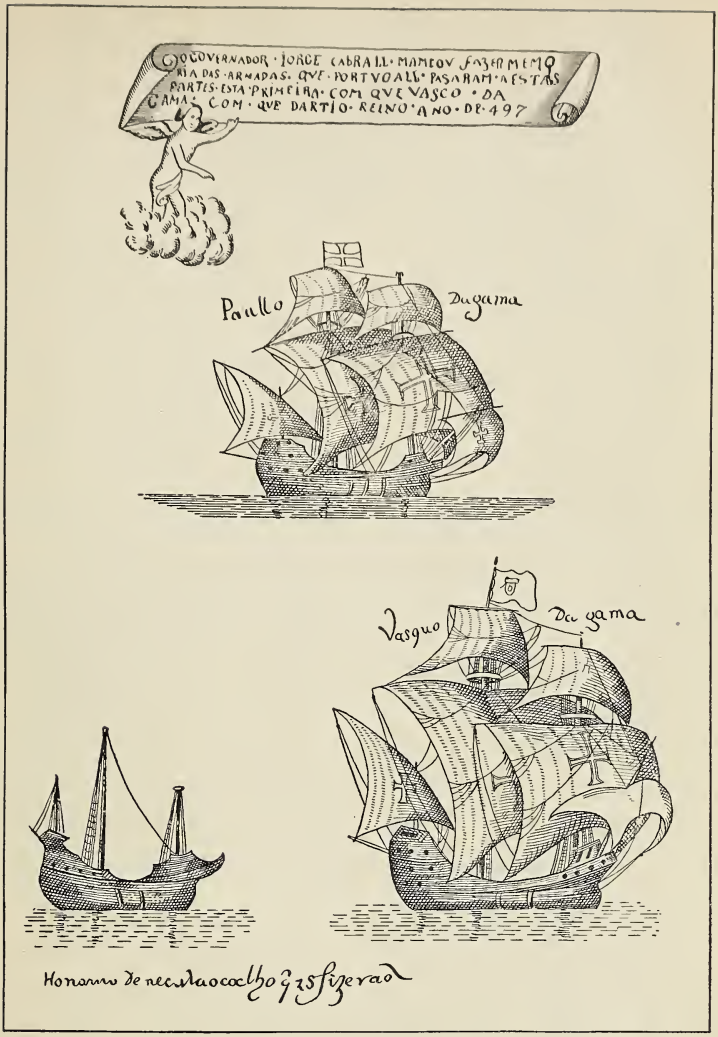
bluff bow, each carrying as a figurehead its patron saint carved in wood. High "castles" rose fore and aft which could be used almost as forts in case of attack. These ships, like the caravels, often had three masts, but only one sail was triangular. The foremast and mainmast had

two square sails apiece, and there was another square sail on the long, uptilted bowsprit.

It was a hot July morning in 1497 when they started. Crowds of people knelt in silence while Da Gama and his hundred and seventy sailors, carrying lighted candles, marched to the shore and were blessed by the priests. Then Da Gama and his crew bade their weeping friends farewell and were rowed out to the ships. The royal flag was hoisted, and the sails, bright with their red crosses, were unfurled. With a favoring breeze the ships moved smoothly out of Lisbon harbor, off down the river, outward bound for the East.

Past Cape Bojador down the African coast they crept, as Portuguese ships had done since Prince Henry forced them on that road sixty-odd years before. But off the Guinea coast Vasco da Gama determined on a plan no Portuguese navigator had ever yet dared. It was in the Gulf of Guinea and to the south along the African shore, he knew, that Cam and Diaz had met their most terrible storms. He boldly decided, therefore, to leave the African coast entirely and make a wide circle through the unknown Atlantic till he was beyond the stormy region.

Southwestward into that Green Sea of Darkness he sailed, leaving behind all possible landmarks and depending only on his compass and other instruments which Prince Henry's workers had helped to perfect. Finally, though he little dreamed it, he came within six hundred miles of South



THREE OF VASCO DA GAMA'S SHIPS

See the square sails with their red crosses. (From a painting of the time)

America. But there he began to bend his course to the southeastward, circling about toward the Cape of Good Hope.

So day in and day out for three months they sailed, with only the wide, unbroken horizon of the ocean about them, seeing no ship, no land, no other human beings, rarely even a whale. When at last, one November morning, land loomed dimly ahead, with one accord the ships ran up their flags and fired a salute to Da Gama. He had been right. He had steered them safely through forty-five hundred miles of uncharted ocean to the Cape of Good Hope. It was the longest voyage out of sight of land that had ever been made.

In St. Helena Bay, just north of the cape, they landed, spending a week among the friendly brown Hottentot people, "cleaning the ships, mending the sails, and taking in wood." It was a week more before the strong head winds changed so that they could round the cape, though they tried again and again. There in a bay where Diaz had landed, they broke up their storeship and stowed its cargo in the other vessels. There too more Hottentots gathered round them to pick up the little round bells which Da Gama threw to them.

"This surprised us greatly," said a sailor who wrote an account of the voyage, "for when Bartholomew Diaz was here the natives fled without taking any of the objects which he offered them." Next day about two hundred of them came and "forthwith began to play on four or five



HOW THE PORTUGUESE FOUND THE WAY AROUND AFRICA

The arrows along the west coast of Africa point to the furthest places reached by the different explorers, before Vasco da Gama

flutes, some producing high notes and others low ones, thus making a pretty harmony, . . . and they danced in the style of negroes. The captain-major then ordered the trumpets to be sounded, and we, in the boats, danced, and the captain-major did so likewise."

Now with the three remaining ships Da Gama started northward along the charming, well-wooded coast. But strong currents were against him, and it was Christmas Day before he reached a country far north of Diaz's farthest pillar, which he named Natal in honor of the day. Here again were friendly savages who lived in huts of straw and had copper ornaments in their twisted hair.

In spite of illness among the crew and a month's delay to repair the ships, Da Gama steered steadily northward up the African coast. Suddenly, early in March, the whole aspect of the country changed. Instead of straw huts they saw pleasant houses of white stone among gardens and palm groves. They had left behind the simple savages of southern Africa and were among civilized Mohammedan merchants. These people were "of a ruddy complexion" and spoke Arabic. "Their dresses," wrote one of Da Gama's crew, "are of fine linen or cotton stuffs, with variously colored stripes, and of rich and elaborate workmanship. They all wear caps with borders of silk embroidered in gold."

In the harbor lay four ships "laden with gold, silver, cloves, pepper, ginger, and silver rings, as also with quanti-

ties of pearls, jewels, and rubies." All these things except the gold, an interpreter told Da Gama, had been brought over from India. Indeed, he said that "precious stones, pearls, and spices were so plentiful that there was no need to purchase them, as they could be collected in baskets."

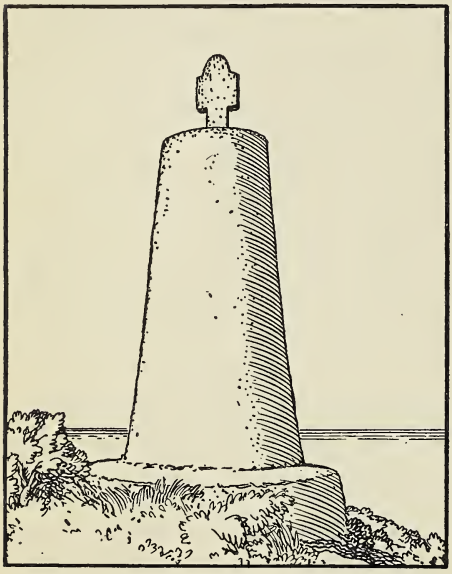
Moreover, all along their way up the African coast, he assured Da Gama, stretched a line of rich Mohammedan cities like this. And not far beyond was the country of the Christian king for whom Prince Henry's men had searched. He too held "many cities along the coast" with rich merchants and "big ships." "This rendered us so happy," wrote the sailor, "that we cried with joy, and prayed God to grant us health so that we might behold what we so much desired."

So Da Gama sailed on from one beautiful Mohammedan city to another. At one place the Mohammedans were suspicious of these Christians from afar and tried to attack them. Armed men came swimming at midnight to cut their cables and destroy their rigging. False pilots tried to send them off their course. But all these tricks Da Gama discovered.

Finally at the town of Malindi the king received them well, sending them presents and messages that "he would willingly grant to the captain-major all that his country afforded, whether pilots or anything else." Dressed in a robe of damask trimmed with green satin, and seated on two bronze chairs beneath a crimson sunshade, he was rowed

out to their ships to welcome them, and for nine days entertained them with festivals, sham fights, and concerts.

In that harbor too were ships belonging to tawny men from India itself, whom Da Gama thought to be Christians. He asked the king at Malindi to give him a pilot to their country. The king sent a native of India; and with him at the helm they started out across the Arabian Sea, bound for a port Europeans for hundreds of years had dreamed of visiting.



THE PILLAR SET UP BY VASCO DA GAMA AT MALINDI

For three weeks they sailed without sight of land. Then, far against the horizon, rose the mountain peaks of India. They were near the port of Calicut. First of Europeans, they had reached the long-desired East by an all-sea route.

But no dreams of the riches of India nor Marco Polo's descriptions could surpass the reality. No sooner had the first sailor landed than he was greeted in Spanish by a Mohammedan from the Mediterranean coast of Africa.

"What brought you hither?" cried he. The sailor answered that the Portuguese had come "in search of Christians and of spices."

"A lucky venture, a lucky venture!" exclaimed the Mohammedan. "Plenty of rubies, plenty of emeralds! You owe great thanks to God for having brought you to so rich a country."

And indeed from this part of India, one of Da Gama's men wrote afterwards, "come the spices which are consumed in the East and the West, in Portugal, as in all other countries of the world, as also precious stones of every description." The very natives that thronged to meet the Portuguese were decked with jewels. The women wore gold necklaces and bracelets, and "rings set with precious stones on their toes."

Moreover, the Portuguese still believed that these mild-mannered brown people were Christians. Even when Da Gama was taken into the Hindu temples he thought that they were Christian churches. He rejoiced that the Portuguese not only had come to the East of spices and jewels but had found there a Christian kingdom.

And now two thousand soldiers, marching to the sound of drums, trumpets, and bagpipes, came to escort the Portuguese before the king himself. All along the way the people crowded the housetops to see them, and swarmed about them in the streets so that they could hardly pass.

In a courtyard of his palace the king awaited them,

reclining on a green velvet couch under a gilt canopy. Beside him were many silver jugs, and an enormous gold basin full of betel nuts. Vasco da Gama salaamed before him. The king, graciously motioning the other Portuguese to be seated, took him aside into another room.

For sixty years, Da Gama told him, Portuguese kings had vainly sent out ships toward India hoping to find there a Christian king like themselves. And now that they had at last found one, the Portuguese king begged His Majesty to become his friend and brother. To this the Indian king politely agreed. Next day it was arranged that Da Gama was to present the letters of the Portuguese king, and he was to be allowed to land the goods he had brought to sell.

Now, the Mohammedan merchants from Arabia who had so long had all the spice trade from India for their own were watching the Portuguese with suspicious eyes. For centuries they had loaded their ships at Calicut, sailed across the Arabian Sea, and carried their spices the long miles by camel-back and river boat to meet the Venetian traders in Egypt. They had sold to Europe all the spice that she had.

"If these Portuguese carry spices home directly," thought the Mohammedans, "they will sell them through Europe, and all our trade with Venice will be gone."

So they went to the king. They told him that these Portuguese were little better than thieves; that there was no profit in trading with them, as they had nothing to give in exchange, and his country would be ruined; moreover,

if he began trade with them, no more Mohammedan merchants would sail to his country. It would be better, they asserted, to capture and kill these first Portuguese, so that they should never again return home. If the king would only do so, the Mohammedans would reward him with rich presents.



VASCO DA GAMA IN HIS ROBE AS VICEROY OF INDIA

After that the king was wary of the Portuguese. Unlike the Mohammedans, indeed, they had brought him no suitable gifts. Perhaps they would do India no good. He thus kept them under strict watch and guard.

Da Gama grew anxious. Now that they had reached this land of spices they must not fail to take their wonderful news back safely to Portugal. It would be better to load their ships with whatever goods they could most easily get, he

decided, and sail home before the Mohammedans could work them any injury.

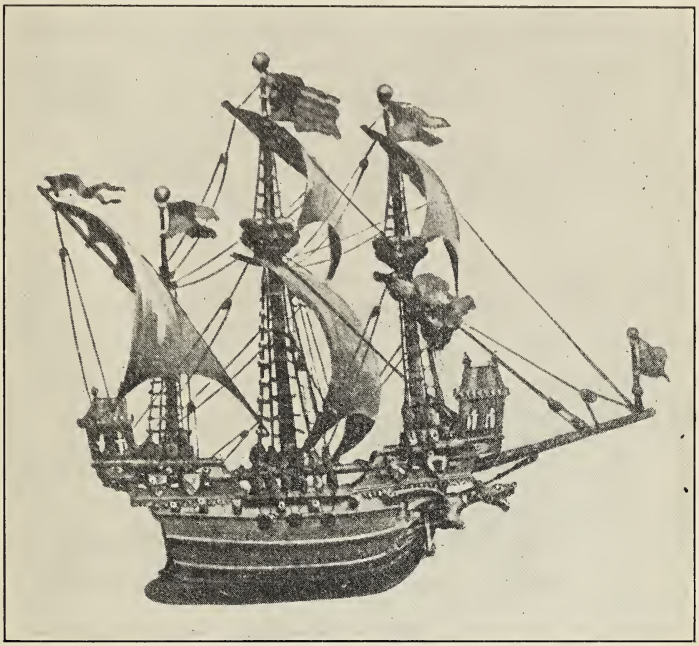
When the king heard that the Portuguese were going so soon, without doing any harm, he was sorry for his suspicions and gave them a letter to the king of Portugal. It was written with an iron pen upon a palm leaf and read as follows:

Vasco da Gama, a gentleman of your household, came to my country, whereat I was pleased. My country is rich in cinnamon, cloves, ginger, pepper, and precious stones. That which I ask of you in exchange is gold, silver, corals, and scarlet cloth.

With that letter Da Gama set sail for Portugal. On the journey homeward severe storms annoyed the fleet, and disease killed many of the men. Those who were left were so weak that only seven or eight could be found to work each vessel. Finally the *São Raphael* had to be burned, as there were not enough men to sail her. Only two ships remained to sail the long miles round the Cape of Good Hope and up the West African coast.

When at last in September, 1499, Da Gama sailed into Lisbon harbor but fifty-five of his hundred and seventy men were left alive. The voyage had taken two years and had cost more than a hundred lives. But Prince Henry's work had been finished. Portuguese ships had found a sea road round Africa to the Indies. Every glittering dream he may have had seemed about to be realized. The Portuguese had found a way to get spices without buying of the Mo-

hammedans. They still wrongly believed that they had found Christians who in time might be induced to join them to fight and conquer all the Mohammedans everywhere.



PORTUGUESE MERCHANT VESSEL
From a model

The king of Portugal wrote exultingly to the king of Spain:

Our explorers did reach and discover India, finding large cities, large edifices, and rivers, and great populations among whom is carried on all the trade in spices and precious stones. . . . Of these they have brought a quantity, including cinnamon, cloves, ginger, nutmeg, pepper, as well as other kinds, together with the boughs

and leaves of the same; also many fine stones of all sorts, such as rubies and others. And they also came to a country where there are mines of gold. . . .

The Christian people whom these explorers reached . . . are not as yet strong in the faith. . . . But when they shall have been fortified in the faith, there will be an opportunity for destroying the Mohammedans of those regions. Moreover, we hope that the great trade which now enriches those Mohammedans . . . shall be diverted to the natives and ships of our own kingdom, so that henceforth all Christendom in this part of Europe shall be able to supply itself with these spices and precious stones.

Nearly every year after this fleets of Portuguese vessels rounded the Cape of Good Hope to trade in India. Every year too as they brought home their bulging cargoes of spices the trade of the Mohammedans grew less and less, as the Portuguese king had expected. Of course the Portuguese discovered soon enough that the people of India were not Christians and would not join them in war on the Mohammedans. But in taking away the rich spice trade the Portuguese in the end perhaps conquered the Mohammedans as truly as if they had found a Christian king to help defeat them in battle.

For centuries the East, with its silks and spices, had been the goal of Europeans. At the end of the thirteenth century Marco Polo had traveled overland to its farthest edge. After two hundred years Prince Henry and the Portuguese captains had opened a trade road to its riches by sea.

EUROPE SEEKS THE EAST AND FINDS THE WEST

III

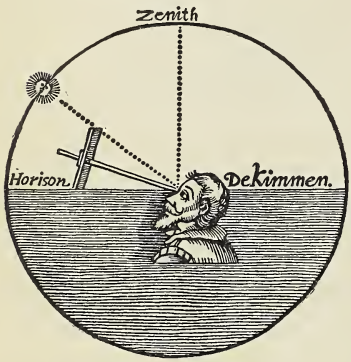
A WEAVER'S SON FINDS A NEW WORLD

IN THAT very city of Genoa in Italy where Marco Polo was put in prison, there lived, more than a hundred years later, a boy named Christopher Columbus. He had red hair and blue eyes, and he was the son of a wool weaver. Part of the time he combed wool in his father's shop and part of the time he went to school. There he learned to read, to write, to do sums, and to draw maps.

When Christopher went to school it was not so hard to draw a map of the world as it is today, because even then Europeans did not know about nearly so many countries and oceans as we do now. Christopher's maps showed only the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, the west coast of Europe, and part of the west coast of Africa, with the Sea of Darkness beyond. It was years before Diaz and Da Gama made their voyages, and people could only guess what the rest of Africa was like. They were not sure about the shape of Asia either. If Christopher ever drew it at all, he probably made a vague outline and wrote in here and there the names of the places Marco Polo visited.

Very likely while he was still a boy, Christopher read Marco Polo's book, and dreamed about the glittering seaports of Cathay, about Cipango, with its gold-roofed palace, and the seven thousand islands full of spice trees that lay in the mysterious ocean beyond.

Christopher had seen some of those spices. Often, no doubt, he watched the ships in Genoa's harbor. Sometimes one would come with a cargo of pepper and cloves, brought after months of travel across the Indian Ocean, through Arabia and Egypt, and over the Mediterranean Sea. Perhaps then Christopher decided that sometime he would be a sea captain and find a straight way across the ocean to the lands where the spices grew.



A CROSS STAFF

An instrument used by early sailors to find their position at sea by sighting the angle between the horizon and the sun. (From an old drawing)

When he was only fourteen years old, Christopher sailed on his first voyage on the Mediterranean Sea; and as soon as he was grown up, he went to Portugal, the country of sailors and map-makers. Prince Henry was dead, but captains were still busily coasting along Africa trying to find the way around to the East. Christopher set himself to learn all that the Portuguese could teach him. He studied maps and the sailor's com-

pass, with its trusty needle always pointing north. He found out about the new instruments that helped a sailor at sea to tell where he was by watching the stars and the sun. He talked with wise men who knew that the earth is round.

Constantly he shipped on voyages to the farthest ports of his world. Long afterwards, when he was a middle-aged man, he said, "I have traversed the sea for twenty-three years without leaving it for any time worth counting, and I saw all the East and the West, going on the route of the North, which is England, and I have been to Guinea [that is, Africa]." Several times probably he went with the Portuguese captains on their voyages south along the African coast.

Always he kept in mind his great idea of finding a way to the Indies and Cathay. As he saw the Portuguese again and again sail south through the Sea of Darkness, he began to think that "if men could sail so far south, one might also sail west and find lands in that direction." He knew that the earth is round, and he believed that except for islands, Europe, Asia, and Africa were the only land. "So," thought he, "the Sea of Darkness, that stretches beyond us to the west, must lap around the earth till on the other side it washes the shores of Cathay. A ship which will sail steadily west must come to the seven thousand islands of the Indies and the kingdom of the Grand Khan."

Columbus talked this idea over with wise men; and the more he studied it, the more sure he became that it was



PART OF A GLOBE MADE IN 1492

This shows Asia at the left, directly across the Atlantic Ocean from Europe, as Columbus imagined it. There is Cipango (Japan) placed in about the same latitude as the island of Cuba, which he actually found. There too are the seven thousand islands of the Indies, pictured off the coast of India as Marco Polo had described them

true. But he was a poor man. He had no money to buy ships or hire sailors for such a voyage. Only a king was rich enough for that. So he wrote out all his arguments and took them to the king of Portugal.

The king's advisers laughed at the idea. They told the king that Portuguese ships were sailing farther down the African coast every year. Some day one of them would round the end and sail on to the Indies that way. There was no need to try this foolish western voyage.

Columbus was disappointed, but he remembered that there were other kings in the world. His wife, who was the niece of a Portuguese sea captain, had died, and he was left alone with his little boy Diego. So he took Diego by the hand, and together they trudged on foot into Spain.

One day, hungry and tired, they came to a monastery near the town of Palos, on a high cliff above the sea. Columbus begged for bread, and the kind monks asked them to come in. Finally Columbus dared to tell the monks of his great plan of sailing west to reach the East. Instead of laughing, the monks listened eagerly. It seemed to them that such a voyage would be a fine way to carry the Christian religion to the kingdom of the Great Khan. "Let us take care of Diego," they cried, "while you go to our queen."

It was more than a year later before Columbus had a chance to see the Spanish queen. Then when her advisers heard his plan, they thought it foolhardy. But Queen Isabella, with her red hair and blue eyes, had a love for adventure like Columbus's own. Moreover, she liked this earnest man. If he would wait till her war was over, she told him, she would consider his plan.

Columbus waited years. People laughed at him, and boys in the street tapped their foreheads when he passed. Once in despair he went back to Portugal to see his brother. There he saw the king welcome Diaz after his successful voyage round the end of Africa. The way was open to the Indies, people said. "Alas!" thought Columbus, "if I could only find a king or queen to help me, I could show them a straighter and a shorter way."

Finally after seven years of waiting in Spain for the queen's war to be over, Columbus could be patient no longer. He decided to leave Spain and go to the king of France. He went to say good-by to his friends at the monastery of Palos, but they would not let him go. They themselves sent a letter to the queen begging her not to turn Columbus away. Isabella decided. She sent for Columbus at once and promised him the ships for his voyage. But when Columbus said that he wanted to be made admiral of the ocean and governor of all the islands and continents that he might find, the royal council shook their heads. They could not let a beggar become admiral. Columbus sadly mounted his mule and rode out of Spain.

Suddenly he heard the clatter of a horse's feet. The queen had changed her mind and had sent a messenger to bid him return to the palace.

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Before sunrise on Friday, August 3, 1492, three ships lay in the little harbor of Palos. The largest, called the *Santa*

Maria, was the flagship of Admiral Christopher Columbus; the others, the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, were in charge of two of his friends. There were eighty-eight men in all on board — Portuguese, Spaniards, Italians, an Englishman, and an Irishman.

Just as the sun came up over the monastery hill the *Santa Maria* raised her flag and the ships spread their sails



COLUMBUS'S FLEET

The right-hand ship is almost exactly of the old caravel type, pictured on page 45. The others are rigged like Da Gama's ships with three masts and square sails on the foremast and the mainmast. The foremast is much lower than Da Gama's, however, and carries only one sail. Neither ship has the "castle" at the bow. (From a drawing sometimes thought to be by Columbus himself)

and moved slowly out to sea. The sailors waved their caps to their weeping friends on shore and watched the white monastery on the hill until it faded out of sight. They were to sail far west into the terrible Sea of Darkness, and many of them feared they would never return.

At first there was no need of fear; for Columbus steered toward the Canary Islands, off the coast of Africa, where

many of the sailors had been before. There they stopped to repair the *Pinta* and to take on wood and water, so that it was September before they put all land behind them and sailed straight west into the unknown ocean.



COLUMBUS SAYS GOOD-BY TO THE KING AND QUEEN
From a drawing made in the sixteenth century

There, instead of storms and monsters, they found calm seas and fine weather. "The breezes were always soft," wrote Columbus in his diary. "Everyone was pleased, and the fastest ships went ahead to sight the first land." The sailors grew so bold that they bathed beside the ships in the very sea they had so much feared when they left Spain.

Birds came singing to the ships, and the men saw seaweed, many fishes, and a whale. All these they thought were signs that land was near.

But day after day passed and no land appeared. Twice the sailors reported that they had seen it, but each time it proved to be only a cloud. They began to be discouraged. "Suppose the wind on this ocean always blows west," they thought, "how shall we ever sail against it back to Spain?" Finally, when October had come, and there was still no sight of land, they could stand it no longer. They told Columbus that if he did not turn back toward Spain, they would throw him overboard. "But the Admiral cheered them up the best way he could," wrote Columbus, "telling them that however much they might complain, he had to go to the Indies, and that he would go on until he found them."



THE SANTA MARIA

This shows the "castle" at the stern and the square mainsail. (From a drawing thought to be by Columbus)

On October 11 a green reed floated by Columbus's ship. The *Pinta's* anchor picked up a land plant, and the sailors on the *Niña* saw a small branch covered with berries. Everyone looked excitedly for land. At ten o'clock that evening Columbus saw far ahead a wavering light, like that of a torch carried in a man's hand. He called to two of his officers. One of them saw it; the other did not. They could not be sure that it was a sign of land.

At eleven o'clock the moon rose; and at two o'clock on Friday morning, October 12, the lookout on the *Pinta* cried, "Land in sight!" Straight ahead in the moonlight shone a sandy shore.

By sunrise they saw clearly that they were before a green island. Naked red men came to the beach and stared. Columbus and the captains of the *Pinta* and the *Niña* went ashore in a boat. Kneeling, they set up the banners of King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella to show that they claimed the land for Spain.

Then Columbus went over to the red men and gave them little presents of beads and bells and red caps. They were so much pleased that they came swimming to Columbus's rowboat with parrots, cotton thread, and arrows to give to him.

Columbus had landed, as we now know, on a small island just north of Cuba. He had planted the first European banner on the edge of a vast new world. But he little dreamed what he had done. He was full of joy, for he felt

sure that he had come to one of the seven thousand islands of the Indies of which Marco Polo had written. All about him indeed rose other islands. "I saw so many," he said, "that I hardly knew how to determine to which I should go

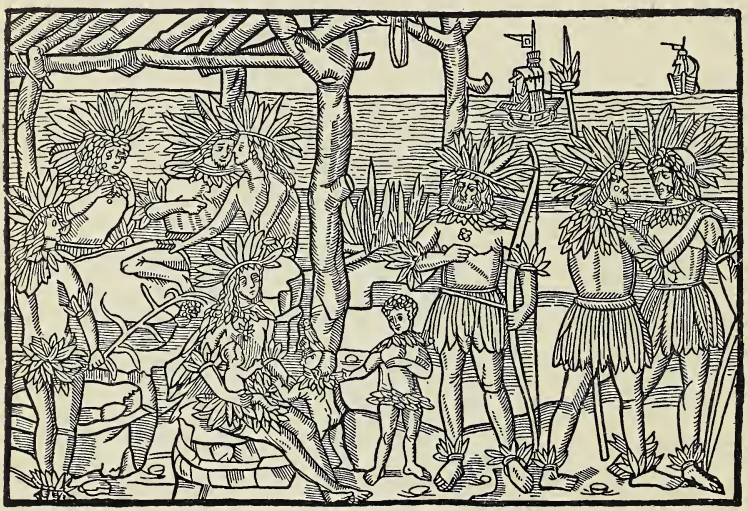


COLUMBUS LANDING IN THE NEW WORLD
From a print made in 1600

first." Somewhere among them must lie the great island of Cipango, or Japan, with its gold-roofed palace and its rose-colored pearls. With that once found, he could steer to the mainland of Asia, to deliver the letter of Queen Isabella to the Great Khan.

The naked red people he saw about him he called Indians,

because he thought they lived in the Indies. He asked them by signs which way he should sail to find Cipango. They told him of a rich island to the south, which they called Cuba, where a king had great cups full of gold. Columbus



FIRST PICTURE OF THE "INDIANS"

It is intended to show their feather head-dresses, and decorations, and their bows, arrows, and spears. (From a wood-cut made in 1497)

sailed on among his Indies in search of it. "For," he wrote, "by the signs the Indians made of its greatness and its gold and pearls, I thought that it must be Cipango."

As he sailed, he named each new island that he saw — some for saints of the Church, others for King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain. Each one he thought greener and more beautiful than the last. "I found the smell of the

trees and flowers so delicious that it seemed the pleasantest thing in the world," he wrote. "The songs of the birds were so pleasant that it seemed as if a man could never wish to leave the place. The flocks of parrots concealed the sun. . . . I believe that there are many herbs and many trees that are worth much in Europe for dyes and medicines, but I do not know them, and this causes me great sorrow."

When finally he sighted Cuba, there was, to be sure, no gleam of palace roofs. But Columbus sailed hopefully along its northern shore for more than a month, questioning the red men and sending messengers inland to seek news of gold. As one deep harbor after another opened before his prow, he found the palmy shore everywhere "a scene of enchantment." "It does not appear to me," he wrote, "that there can be a more fertile country or a better climate under the sun." It was not like the hot, swampy rivers of Africa where Portuguese sailors often sickened and died. Indeed, Columbus tells us, "there has not been a person of my company who has had so much as a headache."

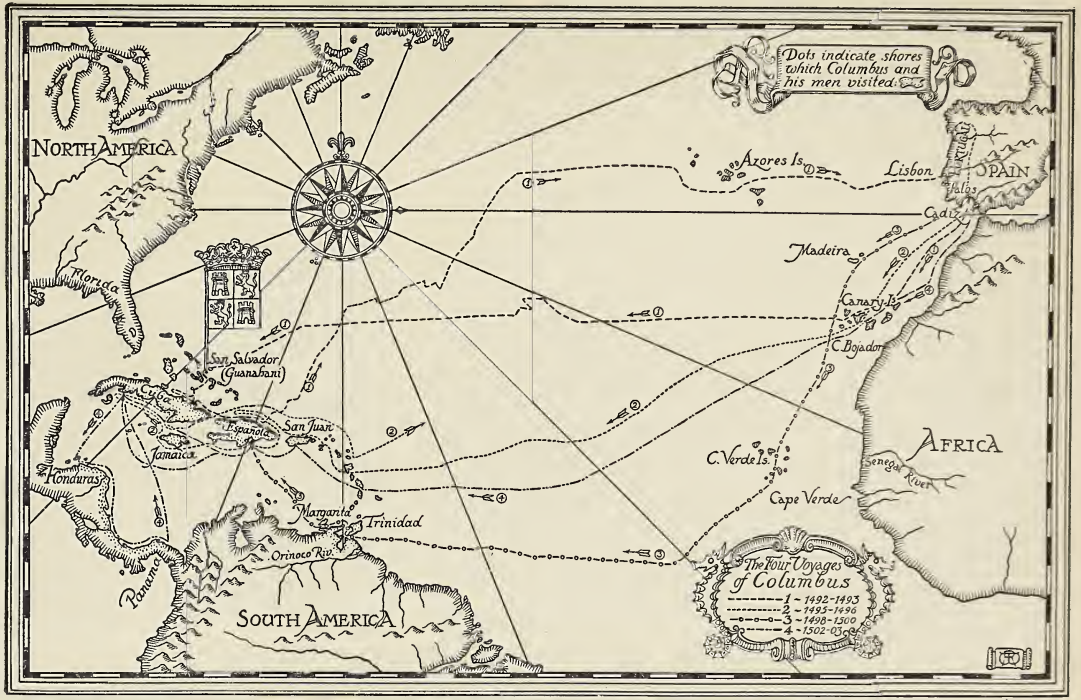
Everywhere Columbus made friends of the Indians. "I do not believe there is a better people or a better land in the world," he wrote the king and queen. "They love their neighbors as themselves, and their conversation is gentle and kindly." He saw their long canoes made of tree trunks, and the cotton nets called hammocks in which they slept. Most of all he wondered at the weed called tobacco which the Indians smoked.

In Cuba too he found Indian villages. One of them had fifty houses and a thousand people, hundreds living in one house. These houses made of palm branches were like very large booths, Columbus said, and looked "like tents in a camp, without regular streets, but one here and another there. Within they were clean and well swept, with the furniture well made."

Outside, there were gardens of beans and Indian corn, with cotton like that Marco Polo had found growing in India. Of this cotton Columbus wrote, "I believe it would have a good sale here without sending it to Spain, but to the great cities of the Grand Khan, which will be discovered without doubt."

For Columbus still believed that he was near the coast of China. He thought that the little islands he saw about him, "so high and clear of clouds and snow, with the sea at their bases so deep," were "those innumerable ones that are depicted on the maps of the world in the Far East." He believed that they extended much farther to the south, "widening out in all directions." And surely they were full of spices and pearls and gold, as Marco Polo had said. It could not be long before he would find some of those treasures.

To be sure, there was no gold in Cuba. But he understood the Indians to say that farther to the east was an island where the people wore gold ornaments on their necks, ears, arms, and legs. When the captain of the *Pinta*



COLUMBUS'S FOUR VOYAGES AND THE LANDS HE DISCOVERED

heard of it, he crowded on sail and ran away from the rest of the fleet to get to the gold first.

It was the island we call Haiti that the Indians meant; but when Columbus saw it, he was so charmed with its green shores that he called it "Isla Española," or Spanish Island. It was even more beautiful than Cuba, he thought. "This land is cool," he wrote, "and the best that words can describe. It is very high, yet the tops of the highest mountains could be ploughed." Here too were trees that Columbus thought were nutmegs. Best of all, some of the sailors came upon an Indian woman who wore a piece of gold in her nose.

Soon they discovered villages even larger than those of Cuba and neatly laid out in streets. There were gardens, and trees full of fruit, and roads "broad and good." As for the Indians, they were "stout and lusty, not thin like the natives that had been seen before, and of a very pleasant manner."

Everything they had they offered to the Spaniards. "They ran hither and thither," wrote Columbus, "to bring us bread and water, . . . and everything else they had and that they thought the Admiral could want. . . . Those who had pieces of gold gave as freely as those who had a jar of water." Columbus gave them glass beads, brass trinkets, and bells, not "because they asked for anything in return," he said, "but because it seemed right and, above all, because he now looked upon them as future Christians and subjects of Spain."

Now, indeed, Columbus felt that he was near his goal. For the Indians brought him many pieces of gold. One chief gave him a mask with gold ears, tongue, and nose. Another told him that there were gold mines in the island. One of these, so Columbus understood, was in a place called Cipango, where the king had banners of beaten gold. Columbus sailed along the northern shore of Haiti in search of it.

But at midnight on Christmas Eve the *Santa Maria* ran upon a sandbank, and all Columbus's efforts could not save her. Now, with only the little *Niña* left, he began to think that he ought not to risk sailing farther along that unknown coast. Instead he must make sure of getting back to Spain to tell the queen of his discoveries. Then he could cross the ocean again to find Cipango and the kingdom of the Great Khan.

Besides, since the *Niña* was too small to carry all the sailors of both ships, he would have to leave some behind in Española. They could start a Spanish colony there and search the island for the gold mines. Forty-four men were chosen to stay, and they began at once to build a fort to live in. Columbus gave them the ship's boat, seeds to plant, and a year's supply of bread and wine.

Then, finally, one day in January, with Columbus, fifteen sailors, and ten Indians crowded on board, the little *Niña* sailed for Spain. On the way the *Pinta* joined her, and the two ships sailed through terrible storms across the Atlantic.

At sunrise on the fifteenth of March, 1493, they came into sight of the white monastery on the hill of Palos. After seven months and twelve days they were at home again. People came running to the shore, hardly believing their eyes. Bells rang and guns boomed as Columbus landed. In procession the monks and all the people of Palos led him up the hill to the monastery to give thanks for his safe return.

From the monastery Columbus wrote the king and queen. Their reply, which came by special messenger, was addressed to "Don Christopher Columbus, Admiral of the Ocean Sea and Governor of the Islands discovered in the Indies." It asked him to come to the court at once.

All along Columbus's way to court crowds stood cheering. When he reached the city, a troop of horsemen escorted him to the palace. The streets were blocked by throngs of people eager to see the great discoverer. Before him walked the Indians with their spears and arrows and gold ornaments; then the sailors of the *Niña* carrying parrots and fruit and strange animals. Last came the royal trumpeters and Columbus himself, straight and stately with snow-white hair.

The king and queen rose from their thrones to greet him. They made him sit beside them to tell his story while nobles and ministers stood about. When he had finished, Ferdinand and Isabella were silent with wonder. Then with the whole court they threw themselves upon their knees, giving thanks to God. Priests chanted a hymn of praise, and the crowd outside cheered and cheered again.

The weaver's crazy son, at whom the boys had laughed, was a nobleman and admiral of Spain, the honored friend of the king and queen, and the hero of the Spanish people. Everybody believed, as he did, that he had landed on islands off the coast of Asia. Spain, before Portugal, before any other nation of Europe, had found a way to the wonderful East. "The gate to the gold and pearls is now open," said Columbus, "and precious stones, spices, and a thousand other things may be surely expected." Hundreds of men wanted to go with him when he sailed to the Indies again. "There is not a man down to the very tailors," wrote Columbus, "who does not beg to be allowed to become a discoverer." People thought that in the Indies they could pick up gold and sail home in a few months with their fortunes made.

Three times after his first voyage Columbus crossed the ocean with idle, greedy men like these. Once, on his third voyage in 1498, he touched the shore of South America where the Orinoco River pours into the sea. At first he thought he had come to another island of the Indies. Gradually he came to realize that no island could give rise to such a huge river, and he wrote the king and queen, "I believe this is mainland, very great, which until today has not been known." He thought he had found a new part of the Indies south of Asia, where Marco Polo had never been, and so vast that he called it "another world."

In this mysterious land, with great trees growing to the

shore of the sea, were "numberless monkeys," and parrots "as large as hens," green and yellow, red and blue, quite different from those of the islands. Here grew grapes and cotton and the pepper plant. Here swarmed Indians taller and lighter-colored than those in Española. Their heads were tied with gayly-colored handkerchiefs. About their necks they wore "pieces of gold of the size of horseshoes," and on their arms bracelets of pearls.

Some of these pearls were white, and some were reddish like those Columbus had read of in Marco Polo's book. All of them, the Indians told him, came from the oysters which filled the calm water off that coast, and along the shore to the west pearls could be gathered by the bushel.

Columbus was overjoyed. "He did not believe it to be possible," said one of his friends, "that they were not in the Indies, especially from having found there traces of gold and pearls, . . . and discovered such lands, so many and such people in them." But Columbus could not wait to find the heaped-up pearls nor to explore this strange new continent. His ships were laden with food for the Spaniards in Española, and he must go on to deliver it.

In Española trouble awaited him. The Spaniards who had flocked there to seek their fortune on his second voyage four years before had grown more and more discontented. They did not find so much gold as they had hoped. They had turned the generous Indians from friends into enemies. Because the Spaniards were too lazy to mine what gold



COLUMBUS'S SHIPS AT THE PEARL ISLANDS

Indians are diving for pearls from their dug-out canoes. See the pile of oyster shells in the one in the foreground. On the island, which may be intended for Margarita (so named by Columbus from the word meaning pearl), is a palisaded Indian village with long cabins. (From a wood-cut made in the next century)

there was, they forced the Indians to do it. But the Indians could not bear to be used as slaves. They had fought against the Spaniards, killing and wounding many. For all these misfortunes the Spaniards blamed Columbus. They had made lying reports about him to the king and queen. Some of them had even gone back to Spain to raise disturbances against him.

Columbus stayed in Española two years, trying to straighten out the troubles with the Indians and trying to make the lazy fortune-hunters orderly workers. Just as he was succeeding, and just as more gold had been found, ships from Spain appeared in the harbor. The complaints of the colonists had been heeded. A new governor had been sent to Española. Columbus was put into chains and sent back to Spain.

Already many people in Spain had turned against him. They jeered at his son in the street and called insulting questions about his father, the "Admiral Mosquito." They even took away his belongings. "I do not possess a roof in Spain that I can call my own," Columbus later wrote the king and queen. "I have not a hair upon me that is not gray; my body is infirm, and all that was left to me has been taken away and sold, even to the frock that I wore."

Through all this abuse one powerful friend stood by Columbus. As soon as she knew he was a prisoner, Queen Isabella indignantly ordered him set free. When, white-haired and careworn, he knelt before her she burst into

tears of sympathy. Her faith in his discoveries, like Columbus's own, was unshaken.

Meanwhile Spain's neighbor, Portugal, had found her way round Africa to India itself. Her ships, following



THE ARREST OF COLUMBUS

The ship is waiting to take him back to Spain. (After an old print)

Da Gama's track, brought home bulging cargoes of spices and jewels. "If Columbus has indeed reached the Indies as he claims," said envious Spaniards, "why can he not bring us also to these rich markets?"

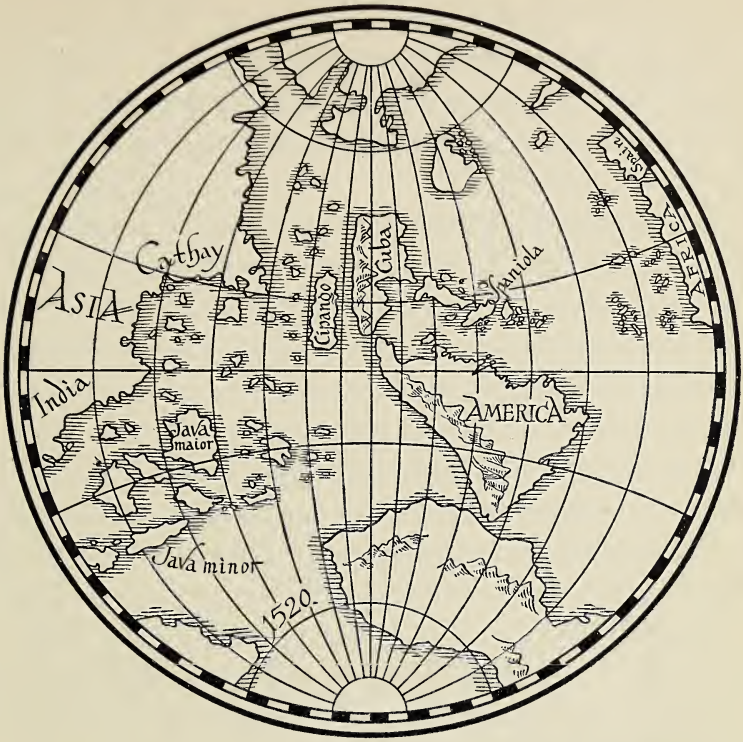
Spain must have patience, Columbus pleaded. He begged

people to remember how many years the Portuguese had tried the African voyage, and how many ships and men and fortunes it had cost them before Da Gama had finally sailed into Calicut harbor. On the other hand, he assured the king and queen that the discoveries which he, Columbus, had made on his first voyage alone would one day be as valuable to Spain as Calicut was to the Portuguese. "The lands in this part of the world, which are under Your Highnesses' sway, are richer and more extensive than those of any other Christian power," said he.

Steadily he made plans for pushing farther into this new world he had found. What was this southern mainland he had touched? Was it attached to Asia, or was there a strait between? Columbus believed that there was such a strait. Through it he thought he could sail to the same gold and spice islands of which Marco Polo had told.

For a fourth time the queen gave him ships and men for a voyage. Passing Española, he sailed for three months through blinding storms till he found harbor on the coast of Honduras. Though ill and exhausted from the terrible voyage, he coasted patiently south along Central America and the Isthmus of Panama, looking for a strait. But in all that length from Honduras to South America, solid land blocked his way. There was no opening through to the rich spice markets which Columbus believed lay so close behind.

Yet this land had more signs of gold and more highly civilized people than any Columbus had yet reached.



OLD MAP SHOWING A STRAIT BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

This is much as Columbus imagined it before his last voyage. He thought there was a break in the Isthmus of Panama through which he could sail to Cipango (Japan) which he believed lay just behind. The man who made this map had a fairly good idea of the size of South America, which he has called "America" on the map, but he knew little about North America, which he has labeled "Cuba," and made a large island rather than a continent

Perhaps, he thought, this and the southern mainland which joined it were but part of the Malay Peninsula south of China. For here, for the first time in his discoveries, he

had found people wearing clothes. "I saw some large sheets of cotton very elaborately and cleverly worked," he wrote, "and others very delicately painted in colors. They tell me that more inland toward Cathay they have them interwoven with gold."

At one place in Panama some of the crew collected quantities of gold in a few hours. "The gold must be abundant and of good quality," said Columbus, "for none of these men had ever seen mines before; very many of them had never seen pure gold, and most of them were seamen and lads." Indeed, Columbus tells us, "I saw more signs of gold in the first two days than I saw in Española in four years. . . . I think more of this opening for commerce and of the lordship over such extensive mines than of all that has been done in the Indies."

Columbus did not live to see his words come true. It was twenty years later, as we shall see, when the gold pouring out of Central America began to make Spain the richest nation of Europe.

Now storm-tossed, and once shipwrecked on the way, Columbus sailed to Spain for a last time. Before he could report his discoveries to the queen, she had died, never knowing what riches her faith in a "crazy" foreigner was to bring her country. Without his generous patron Columbus was left to spend his last days in Spain, a poor, feeble old man. But he died as he had lived, full of stanch and happy faith, still believing that he had sailed to the

Indies and that the southern mainland he had found was a long point attached to Asia. It was many years later before people realized that he had instead opened the way to a half of the world, including two great continents before unknown.

Meanwhile, by a strange mistake, the name of another man was given to that mainland which Columbus had first beheld, and which he had wonderingly called a new world. It happened that Americus Vespucius, the Italian merchant who had supplied Columbus's ships with biscuits and meat on two of his voyages, grew tired of the grocery business and went to sea. Four times he sailed with captains who followed Columbus's course across the Atlantic to the Indies. There they coasted along the southern mainland Columbus had discovered.

When Vespucius came home he wrote letters about his voyages to friends in Italy. In those letters he said very little about the captains with whom he sailed, but took most of the credit to himself. In one of the letters he said, "I have found a continent in that southern part more populous and more full of animals than our Europe or Asia or Africa."

A German teacher of geography who read these letters thought that Americus Vespucius and not Christopher Columbus had discovered the new land. He made a map and put the name "America" on it. Other map-makers copied it. In a few years people all over Europe — in

England, France, Germany, and Italy — were calling the new continent "America." It was too late then for loyal Spaniards to have it changed to Columbia in honor of the real discoverer.

Even after his death Christopher Columbus, whose patient courage had won for the world two new continents, was robbed of part of the glory that was his due.

IV

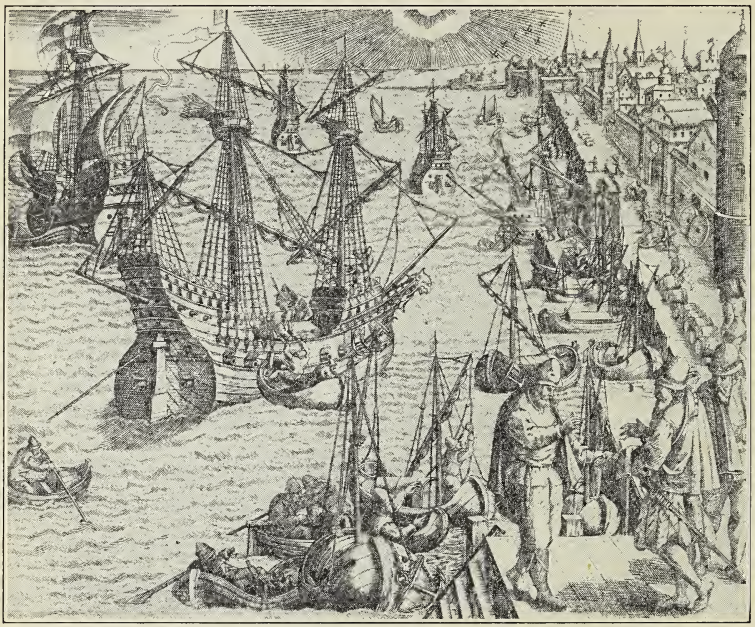
A SHIP SAILS WEST AND COMES TO THE EAST

TWO nations, Spain and Portugal, now believed that they had found sea roads to the wonderful East. Yet those roads went in different directions. Portugal's road ran south round Africa and east through the Indian Ocean; Spain's ran straight west across the Atlantic. Portugal's road led to the markets of western India with their pepper and jewels; Spain's led to vast green lands with a few gold mines that she still believed to be in eastern Asia. But neither Spain nor Portugal had come to the kingdom of the Great Khan or the "isles where the spices grew."

Most of all, people in Europe then wanted to find those Spice Islands. For cloves and nutmegs still seemed to them as rare and precious as gold and rubies. Though Portuguese ships brought all they could buy in India, still there were not enough spices for all the people in Europe, and the nation which could bring home shiploads of them cheap enough for the common folk to buy would have its fortune made.

So Spanish ships hurried west in Columbus's track to coast farther and farther along South America, looking for a strait that should lead through to the Spice Islands

beyond. Just as eagerly, year after year, Portuguese fleets followed Vasco da Gama's course south round Africa and



TRADING SHIPS IN A PORTUGUESE HARBOR

This is the harbor of Lisbon from which Vasco da Gama sailed. It is thronged with merchant vessels which have followed his course around Africa and brought back treasures from the mysterious and wonderful East. Notice the line of casks on the dock. Perhaps they are full of pepper from India. (From a sixteenth-century print)

east to India. Which nation and which route was to come to the Spice Islands first? Could they be more quickly reached from the east or from the west?

For ten years after Da Gama's voyage the Portuguese

went no farther than western India, where he had landed. There they found plenty to do in fighting Indian princes, seizing Indian ships, and taking their cargoes of pepper and even spices brought from the mysterious islands beyond. Then a fleet, bolder than the rest, pushed into the unknown eastern sea as far as the golden port of Malakka at the far southern tip of Asia.[1] There Marco Polo had stopped with the Persian princess more than two hundred years before. And there was the most famous market in the world, filled not only with "spices and all kinds of perfumes but likewise with gold and silver, with pearls and precious stones."

On that fleet was a young Portuguese nobleman named Ferdinand Magellan. No fight was too hard for him, no adventure too daring. For five years he had fought for Portugal on the sea off the coast of India. There was little he had to learn about ships or sailors or swordsmanship. And now on the first European fleet to come to the edge of Asia, he saw in Malakka harbor junks from Cathay and Cipango and even from the Spice Islands.

Two years later three Portuguese ships ventured out of Malakka harbor to sail toward the sunrise until they should find those isles where the spices grew. On board one of those ships was Captain Ferdinand Magellan. For weeks they sailed among the eastern islands until one day they came to the fragrant shores of the island of nutmegs.

[1] See map on page 51.

Portuguese ships had touched one of the Spice Islands! They had reached the edge of that paradise of "peace, ease, and spices." But Magellan had only a glimpse of the promised land. Storms were on their way, and hardly had he filled his ships with nutmegs than he had to turn about for home.

One of the Portuguese ships, however, was wrecked, and the captain, Magellan's best friend, was carried to an island of cloves.[1] There he found spices beyond his happiest dreams. The Sultan gave him presents and made him captain general of the fleet. And there he decided to stay all his life. "I have discovered yet another new world," he wrote Magellan, "larger and richer than that found by Vasco da Gama."

Magellan went back to Portugal, his head buzzing with plans for joining his friend in the wonderful Spice Islands. The way round Africa and across the thousands of miles of the Indian Ocean was long and hard. Might it not be shorter to take the Spanish way toward the west? Since the islands lay so far east of Asia, were they not perhaps just west of that strange long cape of America? If a strait through it could only be found, a ship could sail west across the Atlantic and through to the Spice Islands, hiding just the other side. The Spaniards had hunted in vain for such a strait. But perhaps they had not been far enough south. Somewhere in that southern region there

[1] One of the Moluccas, or Spice Islands, south of the Philippines. See map, p. 103.

must be a passage like that round Africa at the Cape of Good Hope.[1]

Magellan talked this idea over with one of the best map-makers of Portugal. Then he put his plan before the king. But the king scorned the idea. Now that Portuguese ships had found the Spice Islands by way of the east, why should they try a foolhardy voyage to the west?

Magellan was angry. He had sailed a Portuguese ship to those Spice Islands. He knew that far-away ocean as few Europeans did. Moreover, he had suffered many wounds in the service of Portugal. One of them had made him lame for life. Yet the king would not listen to him. However, he was not discouraged. He wrote his friend that he would be with him soon, "if not by Portugal, then by way of Spain."

Spain gladly received Magellan. Helped by wealthy merchants, he obtained a hearing before King Charles and showed him a carefully painted globe marked with the route he planned. He explained to the king that if the Spice Islands were reached by way of the west, "spices could be brought thence to Spain . . . cheaper, as they came direct from their native place." As for finding the strait south of America, he said, "he would coast the whole continent till he came to the cape that corresponds to the Cape of Good Hope, and would discover many new lands, on the way to the Spice Islands, as he promised."

[1] Other men had had this idea too. Notice the strait south of South America on the map on page 85. This was drawn about 1520.

The idea pleased the king, and he ordered that five ships with supplies for two years should be given Magellan to make the voyage to the "Spicery."

When the Portuguese heard that Spain was fitting out a fleet for Magellan to sail to the Spice Islands by way of the west, they were angry indeed. They urged King Charles



A FLEET OF MAGELLAN'S TIME

The ships are built very much like those of Vasco da Gama

to give up the plan. They even tried to kill Magellan, and they endeavored to stir up his men to distrust him.

In spite of all their plots, on September 20, 1519, Magellan sailed from Spain with his five ships. On board they carried looking-glasses, knives, fishhooks, and twenty thousand bells for trading with savages. Through rainstorms and heavy winds they reached South America at last, off the coast of Brazil. Sailing south beyond the farthest point where other Spanish ships had been before them, they

turned into every bay and wide river, hoping that it might lead through into the ocean on the other side.

The farther south they sailed, the colder and stormier became the weather and the more desolate the coast. For days on end they saw no living thing except now and then a seal or a penguin. Once, indeed, they came upon two islands swarming with these, so that they loaded all five ships with penguins in an hour. The sailors had never seen penguins before and thought they were a strange kind of goose. An Italian named Pigafetta, who made the voyage with Magellan, wrote in his diary: "These geese are black, and have feathers all over the body of the same size and shape; they do not fly, and live upon fish. . . . They have beaks like that of a crow."

At last the winter storms became so furious that the fleet had to anchor in a deep harbor, which Magellan called Port Saint Julian. Penned in there in the icy cold, the sailors began to grumble. There was no strait, they said. This land of South America stretched solid to the south pole. How foolish, anyway, to look for a way to the warm Spice Islands through a land of snow and ice! This Admiral Magellan was a Portuguese, and they were Spaniards. Perhaps he had brought them there to die of cold and hunger. They demanded that he take them home. Magellan would not yield. He would rather die, he said, than turn back without reaching the unknown world of spices.

Led by captains who were Spaniards, three of the ships

refused to obey Magellan unless he sailed back to Spain. Magellan struck hard. By a trick he succeeded in having his men kill one of the rebel captains and retake that ship. The second ship was fired upon and captured. The third could not hold out alone. Magellan punished the other two rebel captains harshly. One of them he sentenced to immediate death; the other was to be left on the cold shores of Port Saint Julian when the fleet sailed away.

After that no one dared disobey, and the crews settled down to endure the weary winter. Yet even on that bleak coast at the ends of the earth, it was not without interest. For here the men found ostriches, foxes, and rabbits. And after two months, when they had seen no other human being, suddenly there appeared on the beach a giant dancing and singing. "He was so tall," said Pigafetta, "that the tallest of us only came up to his waist.... He had a large face painted red all round. His eyes also were painted yellow around them, and he had two hearts painted on his cheeks. He had but little hair on his head, and it was painted white." His clothes were of guanaco skins, and he carried a bow and feathered arrows tipped with stone. Magellan gave him a steel mirror. When the giant saw his reflection in it, he jumped back, knocking over four Spaniards in his fright.

Soon more giants came to see the Spaniards. "Patagonians," or "Big-footed People," Magellan named them, and to this day their country is known as Patagonia. They



SAILORS KILLING PENGUINS ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST
From a print made about 1600

were a friendly folk, apparently, but shy. As it proved, they had good reason to be, for Magellan clapped two of them in irons to take back to Spain to show the king. After that the rest came no more to see the Spaniards, but shot arrows at them from the bushes.



PATAGONIAN AND PENGUINS
From a print made about 1600

After five months, when the winter began to moderate, the fleet sailed meekly southward again in search of a strait. Suddenly, on October 21, 1520, the low, bleak coast opened, and the ships sailed into a wide bay. Magellan's heart beat faster. Like this, indeed, would seem the entrance to a strait. He turned in. Mooring his ship in the deep water, he sent two of the fleet on ahead to see whether this again was but a river mouth.

Two days passed. Still the scout ships did not come back.

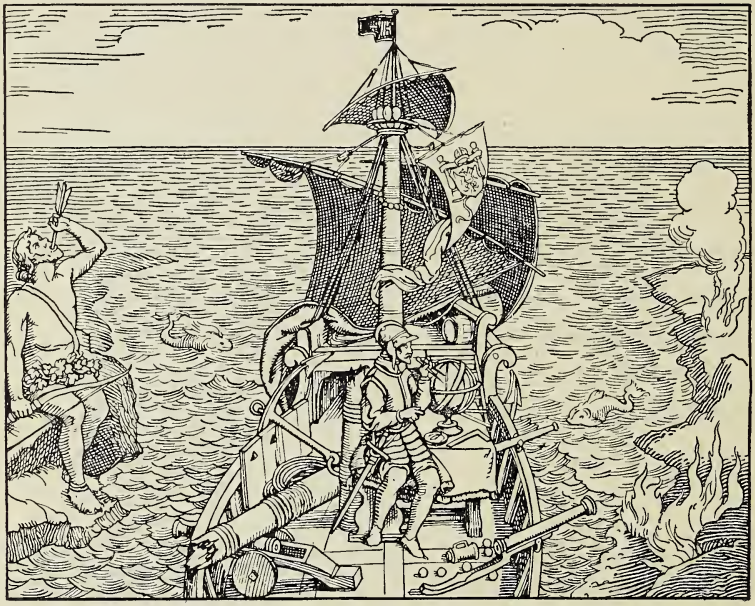
Magellan began to fear that they had been driven on a reef in a night storm and lost. "And being thus in doubt," said Pigafetta, "we saw the two ships under all sail, with flags flying, come toward us. When near us, they suddenly discharged much artillery, at which we joyously saluted them with artillery and shouts. Afterwards, all together, thanking God, we went to seek farther on."

The two ships had indeed been almost lost in the storm. Driven to the far end of the great bay, they took refuge in what they thought to be a sheltered harbor. Instead it proved to be a passage. Beyond it was another wide bay. "Then going still farther," Pigafetta tells us, "they found another strait and another bay larger than the first two. At which being very joyous, they returned to tell the Captain-general."

So for a month the fleet followed the windings of this strait without finding any end. Instead of bare plains, there were now dazzling snow-capped mountains, green with forests below. "I think there is not in the world a more beautiful country or better strait than this one," said Pigafetta. "In it we found at every half-league a good port, good waters, wood all of cedar, fish like sardines, and a very sweet herb called celery." Now, too, in the height of summer there was almost constant daylight, for the night was only three hours long.

The wide channel through which they had been sailing divided into two. Magellan sent some of the ships one way,

and some the other. Still there was no sight of another ocean. Again Magellan anchored in the deep water while he sent sailors ahead in a boat. In three days they came



AN OLD PICTURE OF MAGELLAN IN THE STRAIT

At the left is one of the Patagonian giants swallowing an arrow, as Pigafetta said they could do without hurting themselves. At the right are the fires which Magellan's men saw flickering in the land to the south. One of the masts of Magellan's ship has apparently been broken. The artist has given him a globe and a compass

back, shouting that they had found the end of the strait and had come to "the sea great and wide." At this even the stout-hearted Magellan wept for joy. With firing of cannon the fleet sailed on out into the open Pacific.

Magellan had found the strait which Europeans had been seeking for almost thirty years. Spanish ships had come to the Pacific Ocean by way of the west. No one doubted now that the Spice Islands lay close at hand, and that their voyage was nearly completed.

But now day after day, week after week, went by, and still there was nothing in sight but the calm ocean all round them. Two months passed, and two tiny desert islands were the only land the patient sailors had seen. The food gave out. There was little enough when they left Magellan's strait; for there one of the largest ships had deserted and sailed home to Spain, and before that another had been wrecked, so the food on the remaining three had to do for all the sailors. Now there was nothing left but wormy crumbs of biscuit and yellow drinking-water. The men ate the ships' rats and even pieces of leather soaked in sea water. No wonder that most of them were ill and that many died. For another month they sailed over the unknown ocean. Still there was no sign of the Spice Islands, which Magellan had hoped to find just the other side of America. No European had dreamed that there could be a sea so vast.

After ninety-eight days, starving and almost hopeless, they saw green islands at last. Savages in low boats with palm-leaf sails swarmed out to meet them. Some even climbed on board the ships and tried so hard to steal the Spaniards' belongings that Magellan called the islands

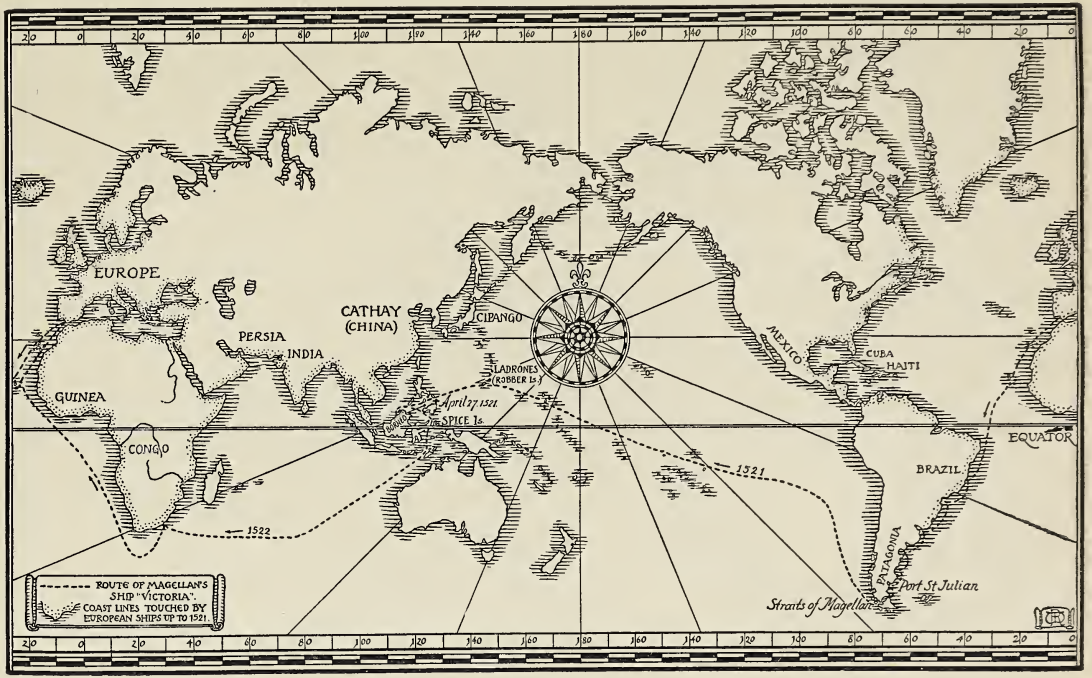
Ladrones, or The Robbers. Nevertheless here was food — coconuts, and bananas that Pigafetta called "figs a foot long." The sailors began to feel better; and after loading the ships with fruit and vegetables, Magellan set sail again for the west.

A week later they landed on one of the rich Philippine Islands. Here a slave that Magellan had brought from Malakka found that people understood his language. There was no doubt that they had reached the East. The Spice Islands they had sought so long were within their grasp.

Meanwhile the Philippines, green with palm and orange and lemon trees, seemed like a paradise to the sea-worn sailors. Here was coconut milk for the sick; here were honey and rice and figs and bananas; best of all, here were friendly natives. "When our people went on shore by day or by night," related Pigafetta, "they always met with someone who invited them to eat and drink." Everywhere too they were welcomed by the native kings.

In one island, said Pigafetta, "we went to the king's palace, which was made and built like a hay grange, covered with fig and palm leaves. It was built on great timbers high above the ground, and it was necessary to go up steps and ladders to it. Then the king made us sit on a cane mat with our legs doubled up, as was the custom. After half an hour there was brought a dish of fish roast in pieces, and ginger fresh gathered that moment, and some wine."

This king was "the handsomest man we saw among these



HOW MAGELLAN'S SHIP REACHED THE EAST BY SAILING WEST

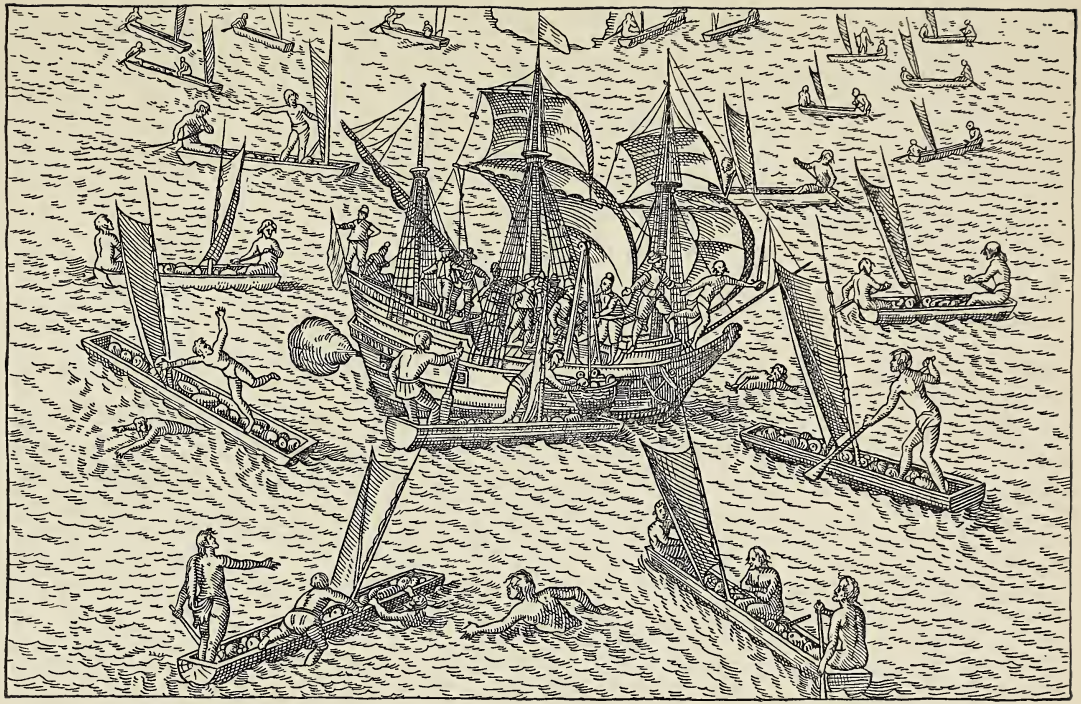
Route of the first voyage around the world

nations. He had very black hair coming down to his shoulders, with a silk cloth on his head, and two large gold rings hanging from his ears. He had a cloth of cotton worked with silk, which covered him from the waist to the knees. At his side he wore a dagger with a long handle which was all of gold." Indeed, all this king's dishes were of gold, and even parts of his house, for he owned mines where men dug up gold in pieces as big as an egg.

On a mountain in the middle of this island the king allowed the Spaniards to set up a cross. When they were ready to sail on, he went with them to pilot them to Cebu, the largest island of all.

There they made a treaty of peace with the people, and set up a kind of shop where they traded various goods they had brought on their ships. "For metal, iron, and other big goods, they [the natives] gave us gold," said Pigafetta, "and for the small goods they gave us rice, pigs, goats, and other provisions."

But, most of all, Magellan wanted to make these people Christians. He preached to them and begged them to burn their idols. This many of them promised to do. Finally one Sunday the king and queen and hundreds of their subjects were baptized with great ceremony. So popular had the new religion become that within a week all the people of the island were Christians. Moreover, the king had promised to be always faithful and obedient to the king of Spain. This he did, he said, out of love for Magellan,



SAVAGES FROM THE ROBBER ISLANDS SWARMING OUT TO A EUROPEAN SHIP

From a print made about 1600

and he gave him in token of it some massive gold bracelets, anklets, and earrings set with jewels.

Soon Magellan had a chance to show his friendship also by agreeing to fight a battle for the king with the chief of an island close by. "We entreated him much," said Pigafetta, "not to go to this enterprise in person, but he as a good shepherd would not abandon his flock."

Early one morning Magellan, with only fifty of his men, waded ashore on this unknown island. From the bushes on the bank fifteen hundred of the natives showered them with stones and spears and poisoned arrows. Magellan saw that the Spaniards could not fight so large a number, so he ordered them to go back to the boats. Watching to see that they got there safely, he stood and fought almost alone with the natives.

Though wounded in the leg, arm, and face, for more than an hour he held off that savage army. Finally he lost his lance and tried to draw his sword, but could not for the wound in his right arm. "The enemies," said Pigafetta, "seeing this, all rushed against him, and one of them with a sword like a scimitar, gave him a great blow in the left leg, which brought the captain down on his face. Then the savages threw themselves upon him and ran him through with lances and scimitars and all the other arms which they had."

So Magellan died on the threshold of his beloved Spice Islands. He had kept his promise to the Spanish king. He

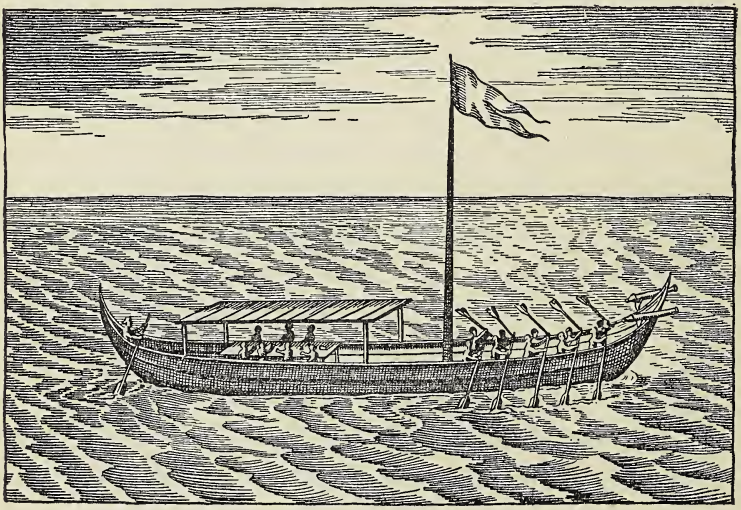
had found the strait through the New World and had steadfastly sailed through the unknown sea beyond to the Spice Islands. So he had finished the work of Columbus. He had shown that a European ship by sailing west could reach the East. "His heart was of bronze," said one of his comrades. "He was our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide."

"He died," wrote Pigafetta to the Spanish king, "but I hope that Your Highness will not allow his memory to be lost. . . . One of his principal virtues was constancy in the most adverse fortune. In the midst of the sea he was able to endure hunger better than we. . . . He understood better than any other the true art of navigation. . . . He knew by his genius and intrepidity, without anyone having told him, how to attempt the circuit of the globe."

Hardly was Magellan dead when this Christian king of Cebu, who had professed so much love for the Spaniards, plotted against them. Three days later he invited them to a banquet. Fortunately all of them did not go, for those who did were immediately set upon and killed.

Hastily the others sailed their ships out of that unlucky harbor. There were not enough sailors left for three ships, so one ship was burned, and the other two headed south for the Spice Islands. But months were to pass before they reached there. Steering in and out among the many islands of this region, they stopped to make treaties with the chiefs for the king of Spain.

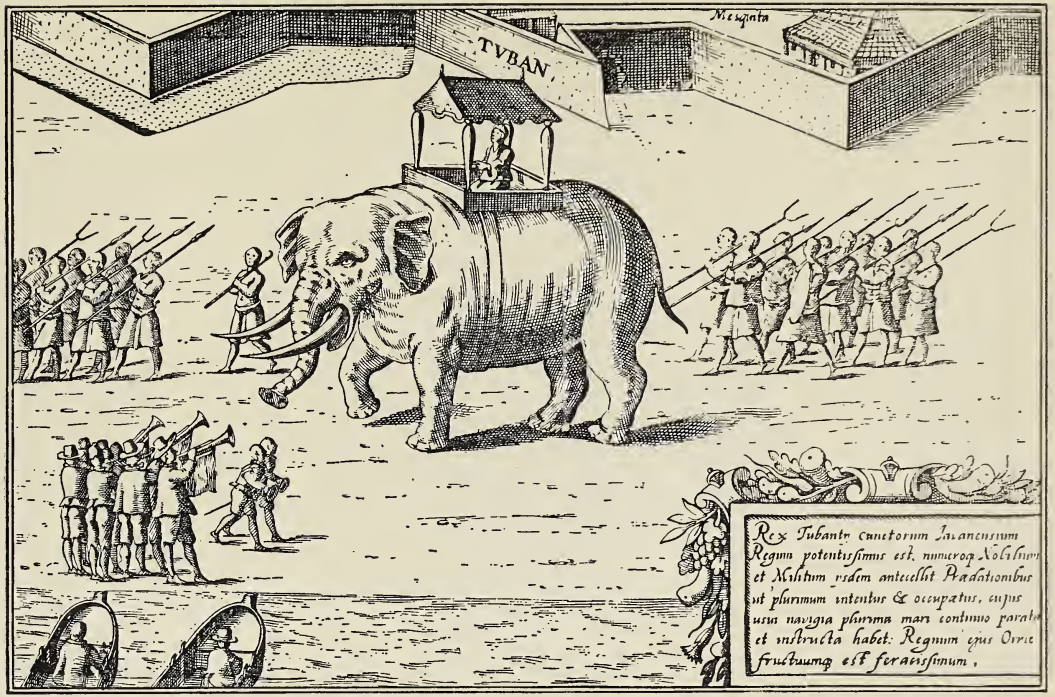
Finally they sailed as far west as the great island of Borneo. Here lived a more civilized people, and here was a more elaborate Eastern court than any the Spaniards had yet seen. The Sultan sent his barge to greet them. It flew a blue-and-white flag topped with peacock feathers, and



A BARGE OF BORNEO IN THE SIXTEETH CENTURY

sounded with music of pipes and drums. Eight old chiefs came on board their ships, bringing presents of orange blossoms, fowls, goats, wine, and sugar cane. The Spaniards were invited to the palace of the Sultan himself.

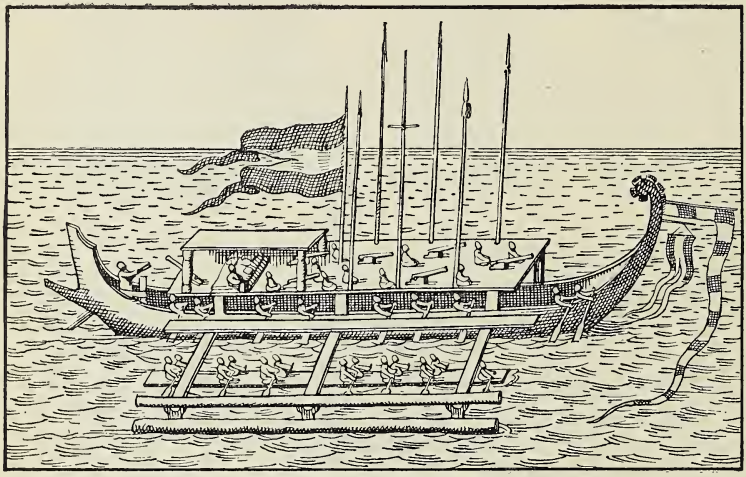
The city of the Sultan was built out into the water on piles, but his palace was back upon the land, behind high brick walls. Mounted on the royal elephants, the Spaniards



AN EASTERN KING WELCOMES EUROPEANS

This is an old print showing the king of Tuban, a city of Java. But the general scene, with the elephant, the procession of nobles and soldiers, and the walled city, is probably very like what Magellan's men saw in Borneo.

rode there through streets lined with soldiers. Once inside the palace they were led up a staircase into a hall filled with nobles. Beyond, in a higher hall hung with silk, three hundred guards, with daggers drawn, stood in front of a



BARGE OF A KING OF THE SPICE ISLANDS

The king reclines under a canopy, protected before and behind by cannon mounted on the deck. Notice the rowers seated on extensions at the sides

curtain of brocade. Now, as the Spaniards gazed, the curtain was raised to show the Sultan seated at a table with one of his children.

The Spaniards bowed low, and their presents were passed on up to him through the halls. He nodded slightly as each one was given to him. Then by his messengers he sent back word that he accepted the Spaniards' invitation to become the friend and brother of the king of Spain.

Presents of brocade and cloth of gold were loaded upon the Spaniards, and they were served with refreshments of cinnamon and cloves. The curtain before the king was drawn again, and the Spaniards were taken out and mounted upon the elephants.

After repairing their ships the Spaniards set out again for the Spice Islands. Weeks more they sailed through that island-crowded sea before high mountain peaks came into view. When their pilot told them that those were indeed the Spice Islands, the tired sailors fired their cannon for joy. For more than two years they had been wandering over the seas hoping for that sight.

Two days later, with a great salute of guns, they dropped anchor off the island of Tidor. From its green shores rose its mountain gleaming with clove trees. The Spaniards gazed with joy, for they knew that on it and the four high islands close by grew all the cloves in the world.

Now to get some of those precious cloves for Spain! Would the Sultan of that island let them buy cloves peaceably? Or had the Portuguese been there before them to make him promise all to Portugal? The Spaniards did not have to wonder long.

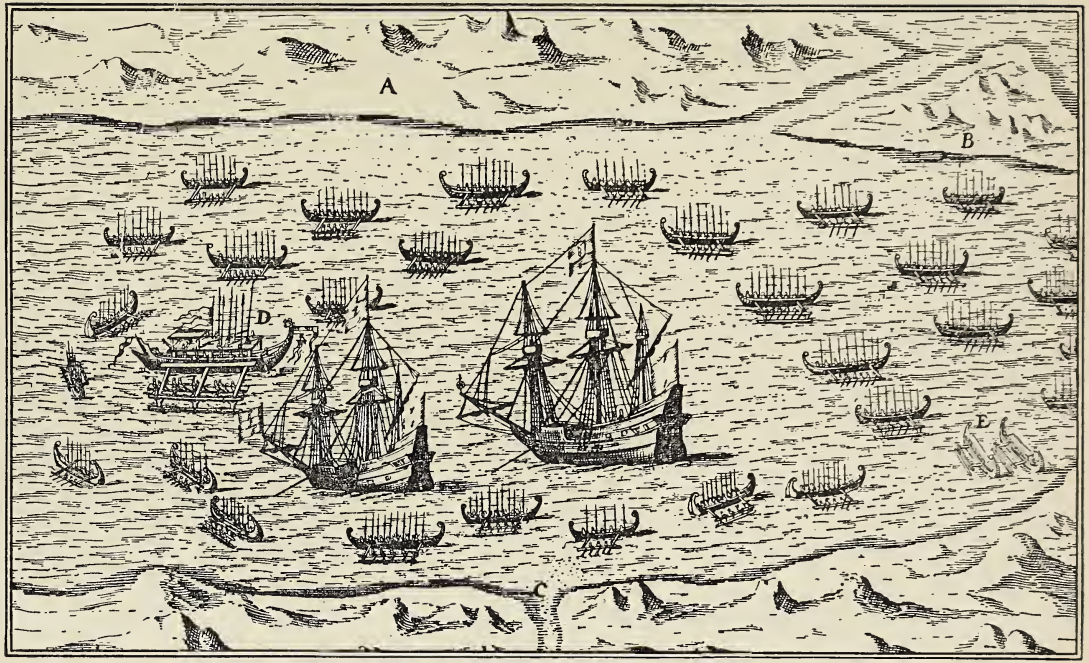
Next day the Sultan himself went round their ships in his royal barge and invited them on board. He was a handsome, middle-aged man, sitting in the shade of a silk umbrella. He wore a fine white shirt with gold-embroidered sleeves, and a kind of skirt reaching almost to the ground.

He was barefooted, but round his head were a silk veil and a wreath of flowers. In front of him sat his son holding the royal scepter, and four attendants carrying vases and boxes of gold. He bade the Spaniards be seated and welcomed them heartily.

"After that," said Pigafetta, "he came on board our ships, and we all kissed his hand. . . . In order to do him more honor we sat down before him on the ground. When he had heard who we were and what was the object of our visit, he said that he and all his people were well content to be the friends and vassals of the king of Spain; that we might go on shore and remain there as in our own houses." Then the Spaniards loaded him with presents until he begged them to give no more.

Next day the Sultan talked with the Spaniards again. Seeing their eagerness for cloves, he told them that since he had not enough dried ones in all Tidor to fill their two ships, he would himself go to another island to get more for them. Meanwhile in his city he would have a shop built for their merchandise.

Now the Spaniards were surrounded by friendly people. "Every day," Pigafetta tells us, "there came to the ships many boats laden with fowls, goats, plantains, coconuts, and other things to eat, that it was a wonder to see." One by one, the kings of the neighboring islands came also. In royal barges, with drums beating and cymbals sounding, they brought presents for the Spanish king. Most inter-



EUROPEAN SHIPS GREETED BY A KING OF THE SPICE ISLANDS

The ships, lying between the islands of Tidor and Ternate, are surrounded by a procession of native barges. The king's is the large one at *D*

esting of these were two skins of the bird of paradise. Willingly, too, all these kings pledged loyalty to Spain.

Magellan's Portuguese friend, whom he had started round the world to join, had died just before the Spaniards arrived in the Spice Islands. But one day there came to see them another Portuguese who had sailed there with him and who had lived there all these ten years. He told them interesting news. Ever since that time, he said, although they had been careful to conceal it from the Spaniards, the Portuguese had been trading with the Spice Islands. Every year they sent junks out from Malakka to the island of nutmegs, and the junks stopped here also on the way home. When the king of Portugal heard of Magellan's voyage to try to reach this rich market he had ordered out warships to stop him. But bad luck of one kind or another had prevented any of them from meeting him.

Now the Sultan of Tidor came joyously back from his trip to get cloves. He told the Spaniards that for four days without ceasing, his people would load their ships with cloves. Next day the loading actually began. "As these were the first cloves which we took on board, and the principal object of our voyage, we fired our cannon for joy," said Pigafetta. Spanish ships too were at last to bring home spices.

Two days later the Sultan issued a proclamation that anyone who had cloves might sell them to the Spaniards. Pigafetta tells us that all that day and the next they

"bought cloves like mad." At last, having no more goods to trade for cloves, the sailors took the very clothes off their backs to exchange for them. One gave his cloak, another his coat, and another his shirt.

Finally the ships were loaded until they could hold no more, and the sailors made ready for the homeward voyage. The Sultan was sad at parting. He felt like a little child whose mother was about to go away, he said. The Spaniards too could hardly bear to leave so beautiful and kind a country.

As they began to pull up the anchors, they found that one of the ships had sprung a leak, and water was rushing into the hold. Pump as they might they could not get the better of it. The Sultan sent down expert divers, but none of them could find the leak. There was nothing to do but leave the ship there to be repaired.

So the other ship, which was called the *Victoria*, set out alone southward through the islands, to turn later westward along the Portuguese path toward the Cape of Good Hope.[1] On the long voyage across the Indian Ocean, food again almost gave out. For weeks the crew had only rice to eat, and many of the men sickened and died. The rest were so weak that some of them wanted to stop in Africa. "But," wrote Pigafetta, "the greater number of us valued honor more than life itself, and we resolved at all hazards to attempt to return to Spain."

[1] See the *Victoria's* homeward route on map, page 103.

In spite of storms and suffering, Africa was rounded at last. And on September 8, 1522, amid shouts and roaring of cannon, the little *Victoria* passed into the home harbor of Spain. She had kept Magellan's promise to King Charles, for on board she carried twenty-six tons of cloves from the



THE FIRST SHIP THAT SAILED ROUND THE WORLD

Spice Islands. Three years had passed since Magellan's five ships had sailed out across the Atlantic. Of the two hundred and eighty men who had gone on them the *Victoria* brought back only eighteen.

Yet those eighteen had finished the most wonderful voyage the world had ever seen. They had not only sailed to the Spice Islands by way of the west and discovered the long-sought strait through America, but they had shown that the

New World, instead of being part of Asia, was separated from it by a vast ocean of which no one had dreamed. Without food, without rest, they had crossed that unknown sea, and sailed on, still west, home again to Spain. They had finished the first voyage round the world.

V

FOUR BOLD CAPTAINS ON NORTH AMERICA'S COAST

SPAIN and Portugal are not the only countries of Europe that look out on the open ocean. In Columbus's time, just as in ours, ships moved in and out of the busy seaports of England, France, and Holland. Even before Columbus's voyage English and French fishing-boats went north to Iceland and had braved storms and fogs to sail far west on the Sea of Darkness. These countries of sailors were not going to look on from the shore while Spain and Portugal brought home all the spices and gold of the East.

Soon after Columbus's first voyage and long before Magellan had found that Asia was thousands of miles from the New World, a wise sea captain called Master John Cabot went to the English king and said something like this:

"Now that Spain has sent ships west and found islands of gold near the kingdom of the Grand Khan, why should not England do the same? Columbus sailed to the southwest. If you will let me sail for England, I will go farther to the north and find lands for you there. Perhaps I may even come to the island of Cipango and the kingdom of the Grand Khan himself."

Now, Cabot was born in Columbus's city of Genoa, but

he had lived for many years in Marco Polo's city of Venice. From there he had crossed the Mediterranean Sea and gone into Arabia, where he had seen the caravans bringing spices from the still farther East. When he asked the caravan people where the spices grew, they answered that they "do not know, but that other caravans come to their homes with this merchandise from distant countries, and these [caravans] again say that spices are brought to them from other remote regions."

Cabot told the English king about this. "If spices come so far from the East," he argued, "they must grow somewhere on that edge of Asia that Columbus found by sailing west through the Sea of Darkness." And he showed the king a map and a globe he had made, with the countries of Europe and Asia upon them.

The king thought well of Cabot's plan and gave him a little ship called the *Matthew* and eighteen sailors to make the voyage. It was in May, 1497, when they started, the same year that Vasco da Gama sailed to India.

In August, three months later, they were back again in England, full of stories of the wonders they had seen. After sailing for many days straight west beyond Ireland, they had come to a green land which they said was surely the kingdom of the Grand Khan. To be sure, they had sailed along the rocky coast for hundreds of miles without seeing a person; but they had found some traps set for animals and a needle for making nets, which showed that

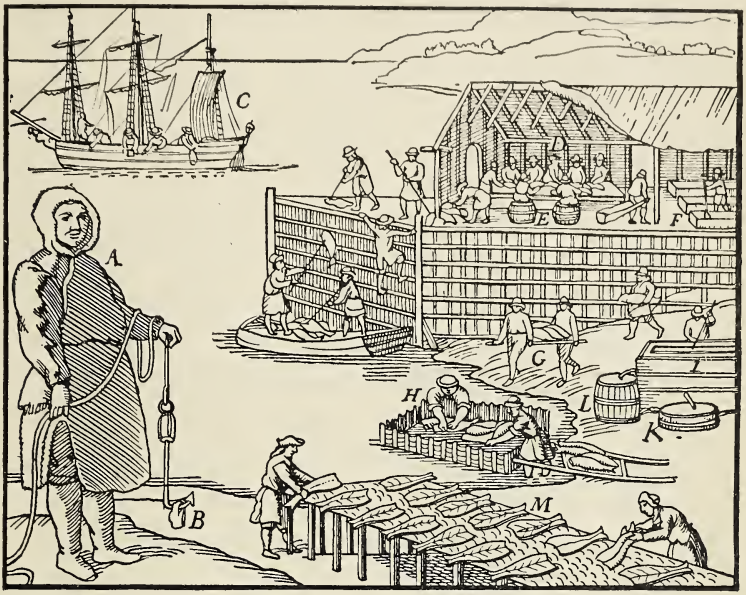
there were people in the country. All the sea roundabout was "covered with fishes which are caught not only with the net but with baskets." Next time, they declared, they would bring home so many fishes that English fishing-boats would no longer need to go to Iceland. As for the voyage across the Sea of Darkness, the sailors said that now they knew the way it would not take them more than fifteen days.

On that strange farther shore Master John had set up a cross and the royal flag of England. So it was reported through Europe that the English king had "won a part of Asia without a stroke of the sword." Master John was called the great admiral, and the king gave him a purse of money. "Vast honor is paid him," wrote an Italian who was visiting in England. "He dresses in silk, and these English run after him like mad people." But Master John was generous with his discoveries. One island that he found he gave to a French sailor, and another to his barber, who regarded himself ever after as a count.

Of course we know today that the new land opposite Ireland was not the kingdom of the Grand Khan, but a part of what is now Canada — perhaps Newfoundland. Master John had not won a "part of Asia" for the English king, but he had discovered a new continent before unknown, our land of North America.

For twenty-five years English and French fishing-boats followed Cabot to the banks of Newfoundland, still thinking it some remote region of the Grand Khan's kingdom.

Then the voyage of Magellan showed that this new world was not connected with Asia at the south, but was separated from it by a vast ocean. But Magellan had reached the



AN OLD PICTURE OF COD FISHING AND DRYING IN NEWFOUNDLAND

During all the four centuries since Cabot first found it, fishermen have been sailing to Newfoundland, to that ocean "covered with fishes." At *A* is a fisherman in his fur-lined clothes, with baited hook (*B*). The fish were caught over the side of the sailing ship (*C*), taken in small boats to the fishing stage, and handed up on spears to the fish-dressers, seated at *D* and *E*. They were next salted in the boxes at *F*, and carried (*G*), to be cleaned (*H*), and dried (*M*). *I* is a press for extracting cod-liver oil, which comes out into the cask (*L*)

East. He had found for Spain a passageway through that southern continent of America. Why should there not be a passageway through the northern land as well?

People then had no idea that North America was a continent broader than Europe. They thought it might be a narrow country. Perhaps it came to a point at the north, as South America did at the south. Somewhere through it or round it a strait probably led from ocean to ocean. So, like bees trying flowers in search of honey, European ships entered the rivers of North America in search of a strait.

King Francis of France decided to find a strait. He was not going to let the kings of Spain and Portugal have all the jewels and spices of the East. So he sent John Verrazano, an Italian sailor, to find a way through North America and across the Pacific Ocean to the rich kingdom of Cathay.

In January, 1524, with one ship, called the *Dolphin*, Verrazano set sail across the cold Atlantic. In March, as he wrote King Francis, he found himself before "a new land, never before seen by any man." Behind the wide sandy beach rose tall forests "that send forth the sweetest fragrance to a great distance." Fires were blazing along the shore, and red people came running to welcome them. They had crossed the wintry sea to a land of springtime, "too delightful to be described."

But here was no strait through to the Pacific. The Frenchmen left this pleasant shore, which is now our North Carolina, and sailed farther north, along the coast of our United States. Soon they came upon "some steep hills through which a very large river, deep at its mouth,

forced its way to the sea." This was our Hudson River, which the crew of the *Dolphin* were the first white men to see. Canoes filled with eager savages dotted New York Harbor. But Verrazano did not stay. Following the shore of Long Island, he steered to Block Island and then into Narragansett Bay. Here the Indians warmly welcomed him. "They are very generous," wrote Verrazano, "for they will give away whatever they have."



THE COASTS THAT THE FOUR CAPTAINS FOUND

Farther north, on the rocky coast of Maine, they found less friendly Indians, dressed in skins of bears, leopards, and seals. They would not allow the Frenchmen to land. "Instead," said Verrazano, "they let down from the rocks with a rope whatever it pleased them to give us, taking nothing but knives and fishhooks" in exchange.

Verrazano had explored the edge of a mighty continent of hills and harbors, fragrant forests, and friendly people; but he had not found what France most wanted — a way

through that country to the palaces of Cathay. It was ten years before French ships again took up the search.

In the spring of 1534 a bold French captain named Jacques Cartier followed the path of the fishing-boats northwest toward Newfoundland. Crossing to the mainland of Canada, he came upon "the fairest country that can be found." There, so Cartier wrote the king, were "white and red gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries, white and red roses, with many other flowers of very sweet and pleasant smell." To claim this blossoming land for France, Cartier set up a great cross of wood, thirty feet high, much as Cabot had claimed it for England nearly forty years before.

But what was this wide flood of water which seemed to lead, never narrowing, far into the land? Was this not at last the northwest passage to Cathay? Cartier followed this Gulf of St. Lawrence until autumn storms made him turn about for home. By the summer of 1535, however, he was back again on its broad blue waters, sure that he had found for France the northern strait leading to the Pacific, as Magellan had found the southern for Spain.

With high hopes he followed the St. Lawrence River between green forests hung with grapevines to the wigwam village where Quebec now stands. There Indians in birch canoes swarmed to meet him, and told him of a greater town, which, they said, was many days' journey up the river. Leaving his largest ships, Cartier went on for weeks



A WOOD-CARVING OF CARTIER

Cartier was long a hero of French sailors. This is a stern-shield of a French fishing boat, wrecked about two hundred years ago at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, near the track of Cartier's own voyages. This carving is painted a dull red with a yellow border, and shows Cartier in the seaman's jacket and cap of his time. On the back are the initials J. C. This shield was discovered by John M. Clarke and is now owned by him

with the smallest of them, and afterwards with rowboats, up the sunny stream to find this mysterious city.

Suddenly rushing, whirling rapids barred his way. And there below a high hill, which Cartier called Mount Royal, a thousand Indians came dancing along the shore, singing



CARTIER AND THE INDIANS NEAR MOUNT ROYAL
From a painting by Andrew Morris

and tossing gifts of fish and corn into the boat. He was before their great town. Next morning he and twenty-five of his company, dressed in their best, went to visit it. There, where Montreal now stands, they saw for the first time an Indian town of great bark-covered houses walled about with tree trunks. After giving the Indians presents,

they marched eagerly out through yellow cornfields and flaming autumn trees to climb Mount Royal. Who knew but that from its summit they might look on the wide sea that led to Cathay?

But sweeping around them, north, west, and south, they saw only the wooded hills of North America, with "the broad blue ribbon" of the St. Lawrence River still leading on into the forests of the West. The Indians told them that there were three more waterfalls in the river beyond the one where they had stopped. They could not go on, and most of them doubted whether, even if they could, the river would ever take them out to the Pacific. This was not the strait that led to Cathay.

Naming all the land they had found "New France," they rowed sadly back to their ships at Quebec. Winter was upon them. Soon their ships, covered with glittering icicles, were frozen fast. In a little log fort on the shore they waited, many of them ill and dying, till spring allowed them to sail back to France. They were the first white men to spend a winter in the northern part of North America.

Cartier alone was not discouraged. Even yet he had no idea of the vast width of North America. Six years later, in 1541, he again sailed up the St. Lawrence, and explored beyond the rapids near Mount Royal, still hoping to find the northwest passage to Cathay. Of course he failed. Nevertheless people in Europe kept on believing in the strait

through North America. For, as a writer of Cartier's time quaintly said, "it seemeth that God doth yet reserve this great enterprise for some great prince to discover this voyage to Cathay by this way: which for the bringing of the spiceries from India into Europe were the most easy and shortest of all other ways hitherto found out."

Those "other ways" were kept carefully guarded. For years Portugal had held the best one, the one that Vasco da Gama had found — southeast round Africa. Spain held in secret Magellan's route southwest round South America. There must surely be other such passages northeast round Europe and northwest round America. The next century found England and Holland still searching for them.

In 1607 an English trading company sent a clever pilot named Henry Hudson to cross the north pole and sail down the other side of the world to Cipango and Cathay. Steering boldly through driving snow and drifting icebergs, he pushed straight north into the Arctic Ocean until solid ice-fields blocked his way. He had sailed farther north than anyone had gone before, but he had not found a way to China. With a different plan he started out again the next year to sail northeast round Norway and Russia and down the east coast of Asia. Again the ice checked him. But he had succeeded in sailing northeast so far that the Dutch East India Company heard of it and sent for him to come to Holland.

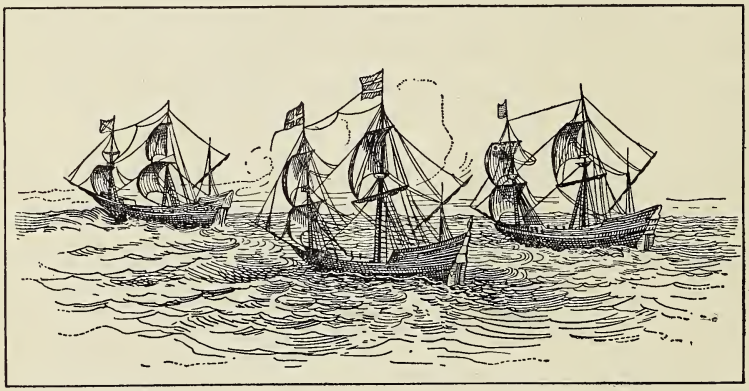
Now, the ships of the Dutch Company had followed the Portuguese southeast round Cape of Good Hope and had finally captured the Portuguese trade with the Spice Islands. Every year now their ships sailed home from there with fortunes in cloves and nutmegs aboard. They did not want England or any other nation to find a shorter way to the spices by sailing to the north. If anyone was to find a northeastern path, these Dutch merchants wanted it for themselves. So they hired Henry Hudson to make his next voyage for them.

Hudson left Holland in April, 1609, in a fast ship called the *Half Moon* and sailed away round Norway and Russia. Once more he found the sea so frozen that he could not get through. But Hudson was not the man to be discouraged. If he could not sail to Asia by the northeast, he decided he would try the western way. He remembered that an English friend of his, Captain John Smith, who had lived in the New World, had heard of a strait through the middle of North America by which a ship might sail west to Cathay. So, turning the *Half Moon* about, Hudson steered west for North America.

Reaching New France in July, he coasted south along our United States, looking for the strait of which Captain Smith had heard. Finally one day in September he came upon "as fine a river as can be found," flowing between high lands "pleasant with grass and flowers and goodly trees." It lay at the very place where Captain Smith had told him the

strait should be. Surely, thought Hudson and his happy sailors, this was the way through to the Pacific and the riches of Cathay!

Eighty-five years before, Verrazano, bound on the same search for a waterway to China, had seen this river and passed it by. But Hudson sailed on up this "Great River of



SHIPS OF HUDSON'S TIME (FROM A MAP OF 1612)

These are not so high nor so elaborately decorated as many earlier ships. (See illustrations on pages 47 and 59)

the Mountains," hoping at every turn that it would bring him out to the Pacific, as the southern strait had brought Magellan the century before. Today we call the river by Hudson's name, and we can follow his disappointing journey from New York Harbor up beyond Albany.

Indians dressed in deerskins came to welcome him as they had Verrazano. "The people of the country came aboard of us," wrote Hudson's mate in his diary, "seeming very

glad of our coming, and brought green tobacco and gave us of it for knives and beads." As they sailed up the river "between high mountains," again they found "very loving people" and caught "very good fish." But soon there were no more towering hills and wide bays. Their strait dwindled, until on September 22 they found it almost gone. "This night," wrote Hudson's mate in his diary, "at ten of the clock our boat returned in a shower of rain from sounding the river; and found it to be at an end for shipping to go in."

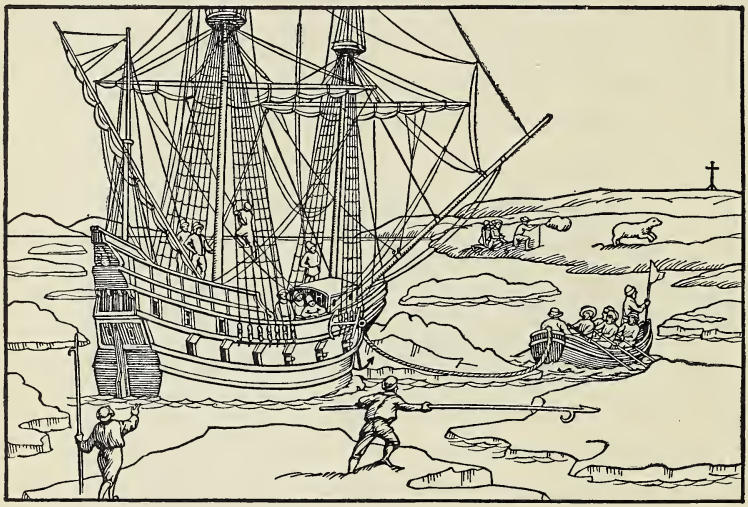
Sadly Hudson turned the *Half Moon* down the river and out across the sea for Europe. He had nothing to show for his attempted voyage to Cathay but a few furs from the New World. He did not know that the American fur trade was soon to bring the Dutch as much wealth as did the spices of the eastern islands.

The English were angry with Hudson for making the voyage for the Dutch, and the next year sent him out under the British flag, to try still another way of reaching China. On three voyages he had sailed to the north, to the northeast, and to the west. Now he was charged to find a way round North America to the northwest.

Sailing north round Labrador, he entered "a spacious sea," as an old writer puts it, "wherein he sailed above a hundred leagues south, confidently proud that he had won the passage." So he explored the great Hudson Bay in the northeast of America until the ships were frozen tight in the winter's ice. In the spring, with their food nearly

gone, the starving sailors rose against Hudson and set him adrift in a rowboat among the icebergs.

Henry Hudson died, thinking that all his voyages had failed. It is true that he never found a passage to Cathay.



AN EXPLORER'S SHIP CAUGHT IN THE ARCTIC ICE

The men in the rowboat are trying to break a channel and drag the ship through, while those with boat-hooks push the ice-cakes aside. A sailor on shore is shooting at a polar bear. The cross is probably one the explorers have just set up to mark their discovery of the land. (From a sixteenth-century drawing)

Nevertheless he had first explored and had left his name forever to the greatest bay in our continent and to one of its most majestic rivers.

In the centuries that have passed since Verrazano, Cartier, and Hudson sailed on their voyages, bold sailors have found both the northwest and northeast passages to Cathay,

but, like Magellan's southwest route, they are too long and too hard to be of practical use. And they were discovered after the desire for them was dead. Men now have other ways of reaching the East. Even Vasco da Gama's way, southeast round Africa, is today little used. Men have built ways to the East where nature failed to put them. Europeans can now sail there by the east through the Suez Canal, or by the west through the canal in that very Isthmus of Panama where Columbus looked vainly for a strait.

HOW EUROPE CAME TO KNOW THE WESTERN WORLD

VI

THE KINGDOMS OF THE SUN

1

CATHAY and Cipango still lured sailors across the western seas. But the way to them was hard to seek. "Why should we sail so far?" some people said. "Let us look for gold and silver in this New World near at hand." At first the Spaniards went only as far as Cuba and the other islands Columbus had found. There they built towns and churches like those in Spain while they forced the Indians to dig in the hills and rake the river sands to find gold.

But treasure did not come so fast or so easily as they had hoped. "Perhaps we should find more on the mainland," said the more daring. "Let us sail to that place where Columbus found pearls." So ships began to search the northern shore of South America.

It was on one of those ships, about the year 1510, that a sailor one day, groping in the dim hold, heard a sharp crash. A barrel head, all of itself, seemed to burst off and there clambered out a tall, handsome gentleman.

"Vasco Nuñez de Balboa!" cried the startled sailor. "I thought you were in jail."

Balboa smoothed out his cloak. "So I should have been," said he, "if I had stayed in the islands. I owe too much money there. But I thought to myself, 'Better a barrel on sea than a prison on shore.' Besides, I understand we are bound for a land where I can find enough gold to pay my debts many times over."



BALBOA IN HIS ARMOR
From an early drawing

But there was no gold or pearls for Balboa or any of them on the wild northwest coast of South America where they landed. Instead they found savage Indians with poisoned arrows, and a few starving Spaniards with no leader but a common soldier named Francisco Pizarro. Balboa had been on those shores before. On his advice the Spaniards moved their settlement to the Isthmus of Panama, where the Indians did not use poisoned arrows. There, under Balboa, they looked for gold in good earnest.

Now, Balboa saw that the best way to find the gold in a country was not to fight the people who knew where it was, but to make friends with them. So he gave the Indians of



THE CHIEF'S SON REBUKES THE QUARRELING SPANIARDS

This is from a picture made about 1600. It shows the gold in the shape of elaborate dishes. Of course it was really in crude lumps. Notice the quaint muskets of the Spaniards, and the long cabins of the Indians. In the background a Spanish priest is baptizing an Indian

Panama presents of mirrors and bells, and they in turn gave him what gold they had and told him where he could find more.

Going as the Indians directed, the Spaniards cut their

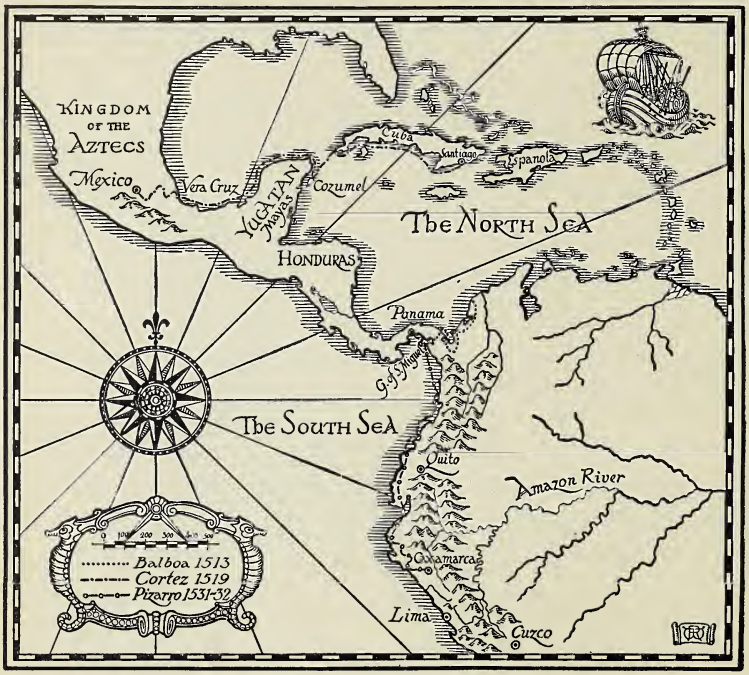
way through jungles and waded for days at a time through swamps and water neck-deep. Many of them grew ill, and often they were nearly starving. "We have more gold than health," Balboa wrote the king. "Often have I searched in various directions, desiring more to find a sack of corn than a bag of gold."

Finally one of these weary journeys brought Balboa and his men to the richest Indian kingdom that had been found in the New World. The chief received them in a decorated wooden palace eighty feet wide and gave them a present of thousands of lumps of gold. As the Spaniards were weighing it out, they began to quarrel over their shares.

Coming disdainfully between them, the chief's son dashed scales and gold to the ground. "Shame upon you to quarrel over such trifles!" he cried. "If gold is what you wish, I can show you a kingdom where people eat and drink from dishes of it. Over there," said he, pointing southward, "beyond the mountains and across the other sea lies that country. The people are gentle, and they go on the sea in ships with sails. But you will need a thousand men to come to them, for you must first pass the fierce tribes on the mountains behind us."

The Spaniards stood spellbound, hardly believing their ears. Could it be that after all they were so near the Indies? Where else in this region would the people have sailing ships and dishes of gold? And here, but a few miles away, was that other sea Columbus had tried to find a strait to reach.

Balboa did not wait to get a thousand men. Early in September, 1513, with only one hundred and ninety Spaniards and some Indian slaves, he started on his long climb



SPANISH EXPLORERS DISCOVER MEXICO AND PERU

The key on the map explains Balboa's route to the Pacific; Pizarro's to Peru; and Cortes's to Mexico. The map uses the terms "The North Sea" and "The South Sea" just as the Spaniards did at that time

over the mountains of Panama. First there were swamps to cross where a man might sink to the waist. Then there were dark forests so overgrown with great vines that the guides

could hardly chop a way through. Gaudy birds screamed in the tangle overhead. Monkeys swung chattering from branch to branch, while in the thickets below coiled poisonous snakes. Sometimes arrows showered from the jungle shadows, and fierce red men sprang out. Still Balboa kept steadily on, over crags and rivers, up the steep slope.

At last, early in the morning of September 25, the Indian guide told him they were near the summit. Telling his men to rest, Balboa climbed on alone. On the highest peak he paused in wonder. There before him gleamed the blue horizon of that other ocean. Alone in the morning, Balboa fell on his knees, thanking God, who had brought him, first of white men, to look upon that southern sea.

When his men came up, they all knelt together, singing a hymn of praise, and Balboa set up a cross to claim for Spain the waves and the shores of the South Sea. That ocean of treasure of which the chief's son had told was spread out before them, and no one doubted that a little way beyond shone the golden shores of the Indies. Nine years went by before Magellan's voyage showed that, instead, Balboa had made one of the mightiest discoveries on the earth, and that the South Sea on which he first looked was the vast Pacific Ocean.

2

A few years after the chief's son had given Balboa the first vague news of Peru, other Spaniards sailing west from Cuba had landed in North America on the neighboring shores of

Yucatan and Mexico. There they found stone temples, and people in cotton clothing with ornaments of gold, like those which Columbus had glimpsed along that coast fifteen years before.

That was enough for the Spaniards. The next year (1519) a dashing young gentleman, Hernando Cortes, "wearing a plume of feathers and a gold medal in his cap," set out from Cuba to conquer this new land. With him in his eleven ships sailed five hundred and fifty Spaniards, several hundred Indians, a few negroes, sixteen horses, and ten brass cannon. Above them floated the black banner of Cortes, with its red cross against bluish flames, "Let us follow the Cross," it read, "and in that sign we shall conquer."

Cortes coasted round the great peninsula of Yucatan and landed among a friendly people called Aztecs, who brought fruit and flowers and golden trinkets.

These Aztecs had seen the white strangers, who had come before, seemingly like visitors from the sky. And now they saw the winged ships come back, bringing a chief with a golden headdress. Surely, thought they, this shining one must be the great sun god himself.

The news spread. Officers of the Aztec king, Montezuma, came to see this god, burning incense before him and bringing baskets full of featherwork and golden ornaments.

Cortes handed them a gilded helmet. "Give this to your king," said he, "and tell him that I am coming to bring him greetings from the great king of Spain. Meanwhile, if he



CORTES'S SHIPS IN A CUBAN HARBOR

has any gold, let him send it to me, for I and my companions have a disease of the heart, which is cured by gold."

The Aztecs looked at one another. This could be no god, thought they. Their king was many miles away, in his city of Mexico, they told Cortes. It was not probable that he could see the Spaniards. However, they would send him the message.

Thereupon painters who were with them began to make drawings of the Spaniards. Cortes, seeing that this was their way of writing to their king, thought how he could best impress them. So he ordered his horsemen to charge down the beach and fire off the cannon. Now to the Aztecs, who had never seen horses before, horse and rider seemed all one strange animal. And when they saw the flash and smoke of the cannon and heard the balls go echoing over the hills, they trembled. These Spaniards, it seemed, could make thunder and lightning. And all this the Aztec painters drew in pictures for their king.

Eight days later long lines of Aztecs came over the mountains, carrying on their backs loads of gold and embroidered robes. There were colored plumes spangled with gold and pearls, necklaces with golden bells, and tiny fish and ducks, alligators and monkeys, made out of pure gold. They laid before Cortes his gilt helmet filled with gold dust, and two suns, one of gold and one of silver, as big as wagon wheels. Montezuma sent the Spaniards these presents, the messengers said, but it would not be convenient for him to see them.



AZTEC PICTURE WRITING

Showing a battle between Spaniards and Mexicans. The Mexicans used bows, arrows, clubs and circular shields. The central figure has an enormous helmet in the shape of a bird. See how carefully the Mexicans observed the Spaniards, even to the horseshoe nails

Cortes insisted that he must go to Mexico. But the messengers were firm. Their king had given the Spaniards the gold they desired, and now he asked them to leave his country.

Next morning when Cortes and his men awoke, there were no Aztecs to help them and to bring them food. They

were alone on that spot of coast with only the few stale supplies they had brought from Cuba. The soldiers murmured. "Why should we stay longer on this damp shore full of mosquitoes?" they said. "It would be madness for so few of us to try to conquer the great Montezuma. Besides, we have already plenty of gold. Let us go back to Cuba and enjoy it."

Cortes listened. But he had other plans. The Spaniards should have a town of their own in this Aztec country, he decided. So ordering his men to march a few miles along the coast, he founded there Vera Cruz, the "City of the True Cross," the first Spanish town in Mexico. Then gathering together most of his gold, he sent it in the best ship of his fleet to the king of Spain.

A few days later some of the soldiers tried to escape and sail back to Cuba. Cortes saw that he must use desperate measures. So he ordered all the remaining ships of his fleet to be sunk. There was no longer anything for the Spaniards to do but to follow their obstinate leader inland, to find out "what sort of thing the great Montezuma was."

It was on August 16, 1519, that Cortes set out for the city of Mexico. After leaving the coast the way went upward over a pass between snow-capped mountains. On the slopes were Aztec cities with market places and temples and with houses of brick and stone. Of one of these Cortes wrote the king: "It is a more beautiful city from without than any in Spain, for it is many-towered and lies in a plain. And



CORTES SINKING HIS SHIPS

I certify to Your Highness that I counted from a temple there, four hundred temples and as many towers." Cortes made friends with the people of these cities, and thousands of them trooped along beside the Spaniards, carrying food and baggage.

Montezuma was alarmed. He sent messengers to the Spaniards, offering them still more gold if they would turn back. But when he saw that the stubborn strangers would not be bribed or frightened, he grew sad. "Let that come which must come," he cried, and made plans to greet the Spaniards.

It was from a mountain gorge that Cortes had his first view of the valley of Mexico. There below him in a green plain lay a chain of lovely lakes encircled by shining cities. On an island in the midst of the largest lake was the City of Mexico itself, with long white causeways, like the spokes of a wheel, leading to the mainland.

At the beginning of one of these causeways the soldiers paused in wonder. "And when we saw from thence so many cities and towns rising up from the water," said one of them, "and that causeway straight as a level, which went into Mexico, we [were] astonished, and said to one another that it appeared like the enchanted castles they tell of in [books]. . . . Some, even, of our soldiers asked if this that they saw was not a thing in a dream."

Out along the causeway Montezuma sent a thousand men and chiefs to greet the Spaniards, and at the entrance to his

city he stood himself to receive them. Above him was a canopy of green feathers with pendants of pearls. On his long black hair was a crown of gold, on his feet were golden sandals, and his blue robe was covered with jewels. Cortes, rushing forward to meet him, threw a collar of false pearls and diamonds upon his neck. Montezuma in his turn gave to Cortes a bouquet of roses and two necklaces of mother-of-pearl with pendants of wrought gold. Then together they went on into the city.



MONTEZUMA

Like the drawing of Atahualpa, this is as an old Spanish artist imagined him

Here on every side sparkled the blue waters of the great salt lake, alive with thousands of canoes and bright with floating gardens. Beyond, across wide meadows, rose the circle of snow-capped peaks. The city itself was not less wonderful. There were vast stone buildings large enough for hundreds of people. There were streets of water like those in Venice. There were great temples in the form of pyramids, shining like silver

in the sun. And on housetop, terrace, and tower were thousands upon thousands of gayly-dressed Mexicans looking down upon the Spaniards as they passed.

Montezuma gave Cortes and his men a palace for their own. For a week they lived there, going daily to visit the king in the royal palace, with its fountains and flowers and birds. Cortes made it his task to persuade Montezuma to give up his idols and the terrible sacrifices of men and women. But Montezuma could not understand why these things were wrong. Nor could he see why he should become a subject of the king of Spain.

Cortes began to feel uneasy. The Mexican people looked at him suspiciously on the street. At a nod from Montezuma he knew they could turn and destroy him. If he was to take the city as he had planned, he must strike first. But what could his few Spaniards do against Mexicans in uncounted thousands? A bold plan came to him. He would seize Montezuma himself.

Posting soldiers round the royal palace, Cortes entered with a strong guard. The Spaniards took their places close about the throne. Abruptly Cortes demanded that Montezuma should leave his palace and come to live with the Spaniards. He might still rule the city, but he was in fact to have no liberty but what the Spaniards gave him.

Montezuma was amazed. "I am not one of those persons who are put in prison," he cried haughtily.

The armed Spaniards closed threateningly about him. One

of them drew a sword. The great king trembled. He was proud no longer. "It is the will of the gods," he whispered, and bowed his head. His Mexican nobles came forward, and at his nod carried him silently through the lines of Spaniards,



CORTES DIRECTS THE CAPTURE OF MONTEZUMA

out of his palace forever. A few days later, sobbing and broken-hearted, the mighty monarch of all the Mexicans told his nobles that they must submit to the king of Spain.

Cortes was the real ruler of Mexico. But there were still bloody battles with the angry Mexicans before he was sure of the city. For a time he was driven out of it altogether.

And when in 1521, after terrible attacks, he captured it at last, houses and temples were in ruins, and thousands of its people lay dead in the streets. The Mexico of silver pyramids and floating gardens was gone forever. The cross of Cortes waved over Aztec graves.

Cortes built Spanish churches and launched Spanish ships. He planted Spanish olive and orange groves. He put Spaniards in charge of the gold mines. And constantly from this New Spain to the old went fleets of treasure ships.

3

While Cortes had been conquering Mexico the Spaniards in Panama remembered that other golden kingdom of the south of which the chief's son had told Balboa. One Spaniard who had heard him describe it decided never to give up until he had found it. That man was Francisco Pizarro, whom Balboa had found in charge of the starving Spaniards in South America. He was a stolid, middle-aged soldier who could neither read nor write. But once he had made a resolve, no suffering nor danger could turn him aside.

It was late in 1524 before Pizarro could even start the search. Then with a single ship he sailed from Panama. With his half-starved crew he crept for three years from harbor to harbor down that long west coast of South America. "And during all those three years," wrote one of the men afterwards, "they discovered no good land. All was swamp country without inhabitants."

Five times, with a few despairing followers, he waited for months on some damp, lonely shore while the rest sailed back to Panama for more men and ships and food. Then through steaming swamps and poisonous forests Pizarro and his men would search for game. They fought with boa constrictors and with wild Indian tribes. Mosquitoes settled on them in clouds. Sometimes for weeks before the ships returned they had nothing to eat but seaweed and bitter palm-tree buds. Once they even boiled and ate a piece of leather. Soldier after soldier died of fever and starvation. No wonder that when the chance came all but sixteen of those left alive deserted Pizarro and sailed back home for good. Still Pizarro would not give up. He would find that golden kingdom if it took the rest of his life.



PIZARRO IN HIS ARMOR
From a picture drawn about 1700

At last in the fourth year, as he was coasting south below the equator, farther than any European ship had been before, the wilderness suddenly stopped. Before his weary

eyes rose the stone palaces of a city. In the harbor were the raftlike sailing boats of which the chief's son had told. On the shore were swarms of people in gayly-woven robes.



A PERUVIAN SAILING RAFT

Some of the men paddle and one steers. The clumsy sail could probably only be used when going with the wind. (From an old drawing)

When some of the Spaniards landed, they came pleasantly to greet them bringing presents of gold, and emeralds as large as birds' eggs. As in a dream, the Spaniards saw the golden plates from which they ate, the golden cups from which they drank.

Yet this, they told them, was only one of their seaport towns. Beyond, over the snow-capped Andes Mountains, lay their greater cities, especially Cuzco, the City of the Sun, where their king, or Inca, dwelt. There too was their Temple of the Sun, with floor and walls and ceiling all of solid gold, where the statues of the Incas stood between golden pillars. Its roof was thatched with golden straws, and before it was a garden shining with flowers and leaves of gold and silver.

Pizarro was overcome with delight. Here in the South American wilderness he had come upon a land richer than Cathay. He would conquer these peaceful people and win for Spain their golden kingdom of Peru.

With Pizarro, to determine was to do. He sailed back to Panama, crossed the Isthmus, went to Spain, and gained the king's permission for his plan. Three years later, in 1531, with three ships and less than two hundred men, he set out again from Panama to subdue the richest kingdom in the world.

Within two weeks he had landed in Peru and was marching down the coast. Near the port where he had been before he began to build a town of his own where he could store and ship the gold he had come to seize. And here he learned that the great Inca, Atahualpa, was not in his city of Cuzco but nearer, in another golden city, called Caxamarca, on the other side of the Andes.

Pizarro did not hesitate. With most of his men and horses he set out on the paved road that ran, level and tree-

shaded, down the long coast of Peru. At the foot of the Andes he halted. Up the mountain side above them another road seemed to rise, steep as a ladder. It was the direct way to Caxamarca. Somehow up that, Pizarro told his men, they must lead their horses.

So the Spaniards started their climb up the giant wall of the Andes that hid the cities of gold. So steep was the wall that in places there was no road but only narrow steps cut in the precipice. The higher they climbed, too, the sharper became the cold. Some of the horses were frostbitten, and the drinking-water froze.

Yet even on these dizzy slopes the Peruvians had built fortresses where travelers might spend the night. Some of these forts were of cut stones so beautifully fitted together that there seemed to be no mortar between them. "If the people had had the artists and tools of Spain," said one of Pizarro's men, "the walls could not have been better built."

And now, above the clouds, they came upon the most wonderful road of all, that ran along near the very summit of the range for more than a thousand miles. There, two miles in air, round peaks and over gorges it led, level and well-paved and broad enough for six horsemen to ride abreast. "The road over the mountains is a thing worth seeing," wrote Pizarro's brother. "For though the ground is so rugged, such beautiful roads could not be found throughout Christendom." Beside this one flowed a spring of drinking-water, and at the end of each day's journey was one of

the stone fortresses for travelers. Across a dizzy chasm, thousands of feet in air, was swung a bridge made of reeds tied together in ropes. "The horses crossed this bridge without trouble," said one of Pizarro's men, "but it is a nervous thing to pass over it for the first time, though there is no danger as it is very strong."

So every step of the way the Spaniards used that wonderful road built by the trusting people they had come to rob. They rested in the Peruvians' fortresses and took the Peruvians' grain. Twice messengers came to them with greetings and presents from the great Inca Atahualpa, inviting them to visit him at his camp on the other side of the mountains.

At last one clear, cold night they pitched their tents on the grassy height at the top of a pass. Above them the higher peaks of the Andes towered white into the starlight. Down the dark mountain slope below slept the golden city of Caxamarca. Beyond it, for more than a mile, stretched the tents of Atahualpa's camp.

On a November afternoon in 1532 Pizarro rode into the great square of Caxamarca. In the stone buildings round it he ordered his men to stay, while he sent his brother and a bold captain named Fernando de Soto with a few horsemen to find out what kind of king this Atahualpa was.

It was nearly sunset when the Spaniards rode through the forest of tents that made the Inca's camp. Outside each tent stood soldiers with their lances thrust into the ground. "There seemed," said one of the Spaniards, "to be upwards

of thirty thousand men in the place." At the door of the royal tent sat Atahualpa himself, calmly awaiting the Spaniards. Across his brow was tied the crimson fringe that was the crown of the Incas. As the Spaniards approached, he did not raise his eyes. "He was a man of thirty years of age," said a Spaniard, "good-looking, rather stout, with a fine face, handsome and fierce."



ATAHUALPA
From an imaginary picture made about 1700

De Soto spurred on his horse to Atahualpa's side, scattering the startled nobles right and left. The Peruvians had never seen any animals larger than their llamas of the mountains. And these horses seemed to them nothing less than dragons. The breath of De Soto's steed stirred the fringe on the Inca's forehead, but Atahualpa did not move.

Pizarro's brother delivered his greeting. Quietly and still without looking up, Atahualpa asked one of his nobles to say that the Spaniards were welcome to stay in Caxamarca,

and that tomorrow he would come to visit them. "He smiled," said Pizarro's brother, "like a man who did not think so much of us."

Pizarro listened gravely to his brother's report. Atahualpa was evidently a king indeed. Once he could capture this



LLAMAS CARRYING LOADS ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE

haughty Inca, he decided, this Kingdom of the Sun would lie in his hands. But the Spaniards were scarce two hundred against many thousands. "Tomorrow," said Pizarro to himself, "tomorrow must be the day." Carefully he posted his soldiers and cannon in the buildings about the square.

Late the next afternoon came the sound of trumpets, and the glittering army of Atahualpa began its march into Caxamarca. Into the great square they poured — men in checkered robes of red and white sweeping the road ahead, dancers and singers, and soldiers in shining armor with crowns of silver and gold. Behind came eighty chiefs in blue, carrying on high a litter of gold lined with parrots' feathers. In it reclined the proud Inca, the "Child of the Sun," sparkling with gold and emeralds.

To meet this splendid procession the dark-robed priest of the Spaniards stepped into the middle of the square. Stopping before Atahualpa, he told him that the Spaniards had come to claim Peru for the king of Spain. The Inca must pay tribute to the king and worship the Spaniards' God, of whom the Bible told.

Atahualpa looked at the Bible curiously. "This says nothing to me," he cried, and tossed it to the ground.

At that Pizarro gave a signal. With a shout the Spanish horsemen sprang upon the unarmed Peruvians. Swords flashed and cannon blazed. Hundreds of Peruvians fell, and the rest fled in terror. Atahualpa, who but a moment before had been absolute monarch, was a prisoner in the hands of Pizarro.

So the great Inca was shut up in his own fortress, and the Spaniards were the real rulers of the land. Still every day his great chiefs came humbly before him, bowing low and

bringing him presents. "Thus, prisoner as he was," said one of Pizarro's men, "he had the state of a lord and was very cheerful." The Spaniards too grew fond of him. He was "a perfect gentleman," they said. "He talked with good arguments and reasoned well." In three weeks he had learned to speak Spanish and to play chess and cards with them.

Now, the people of Peru did not use gold as money. To them it was only a shining metal to make beautiful things for their homes and temples. But when Atahualpa saw how the Spaniards prized it, he told Pizarro that if they would let him go free he would give them enough gold to fill the great room in which he was, to a line as far up the wall as he could reach. Pizarro agreed with glittering eyes. Without trouble he would have the wealth of Peru at his feet.

So Atahualpa gave the order. Day after day long lines of his faithful people came from the cities of Peru, bringing "plates and jars, pots, cups," and pitchers of gold, and great slabs of it torn from the temple walls. The Spaniards could hardly believe their eyes. Here was gold worth millions of dollars brought gladly in the arms of peasants. In a few months, as Atahualpa had promised, the room was a sea of gold in all sorts of beautiful shapes — birds and beasts, trees, fountains, and flowers. Before Pizarro and his men lay "greater treasure than had been seen before in the world during many ages."

And still Pizarro would not let Atahualpa go. He feared this great Inca, the master of so many people and so much gold. So he had Spanish judges condemn him to death. At this some of Pizarro's own men protested. They had come to love the Inca, who had always treated them with courtesy. But Pizarro was firm; and Atahualpa died, as he had lived, "with great fortitude and without showing any feeling."

Pizarro had indeed conquered the Kingdom of the Sun. But it was golden and glad no longer. Its temples and its palaces stood dull and broken, with their golden walls and statues torn away and melted. Its Inca, the "Child of the Sun," and thousands of its happy people were dead. In their places a few Spaniards quarreled over the piles of golden bars hidden in dark storehouses or in the holds of Spanish ships.

Forty years after Columbus first saw the moonlit shores of the New World, the Spaniards had found there riches beyond the tales of Marco Polo. Columbus had indeed opened "the gate to the gold and pearls," though not as he had believed. The Spaniards who passed through it did not come to their treasures over the marble bridges of the Grand Khan, but through the swamps and thickets of the New World. They found the gold-roofed palaces Columbus had hoped to see, not on the shores of Cipango but on the high slopes of the Andes.

So the Kingdoms of the Sun in the New World took their places beside the Cathay of Marco Polo as the dream of seafaring peoples. But the Peru of Pizarro and the Mexico of Cortes they never would find again. Marco Polo had seen and reported; Cortes and Pizarro had seen and destroyed. The gleaming temples and the gorgeous chiefs were gone. In their places stood the gray towers and the armored soldiers of the New Spain.

VII

UNLOCKING SPAIN'S TREASURE-HOUSES

SPAIN held the two great treasure-houses of the New World. And she kept them tightly locked. Mexico and Peru were hers, and no other nation might so much as peep at the gold and silver piled up there. She had them well guarded. For Cuba and the other islands were hers too, and the Isthmus of Panama and the vast South Sea. And on all those shores of the New World she gave orders that no one should land who was not a Spaniard and a Catholic. So for forty years all the gold and silver and jewels of a hemisphere belonged to Spain alone.

Englishmen grew uneasy. "How can we break into Spain's treasure-houses," said they, "and get some of that wealth for our own? If we should boldly carry negro slaves to the Spaniards in the New World, they would not want to turn us away. They would pay us in gold and pearls."

So for the first time English ships began crossing the Atlantic to Spain's stronghold. There, as they had hoped, they sold their slaves for great loads of gold. But on one of those voyages, in the harbor of Vera Cruz in Mexico, a fleet from Spain caught them, captured and killed many of their men, and burned all but two of their ships.

On one of the ships that escaped was a young English captain named Francis Drake. His blue eyes blazed. "Why should all the treasure of the New World belong to



ENGLISHMEN BURNING A SPANISH COLONY

They have captured the governor and are taking him to their ship

Spaniards?" thought he. "If they kill us when we come for some in honest trade, they shall see what other ways Englishmen can use."

A few years later, in 1572, with two small ships, Francis Drake slipped across the broad Atlantic and hid in a little harbor on the Isthmus of Panama. Up the South Sea on the

other side, he knew, Spanish ships were sailing from Peru, loaded with gold and silver from the mines. At the city of Panama they would land, and all that treasure would be carried on the backs of mules across the Isthmus to the Spanish fleet on the Atlantic. But it should never reach there if he had his way. For he and his trusty band would fall upon the mule train first and carry off the bars of gold and silver on good English shoulders.

To be sure, they must climb the mountains of Panama to reach the mule path. But friendly savages were ready to guide them, and, like Balboa fifty years before, Drake and his men set off up the steep ridge. For three days they crept in silence up through the green forest. Sometimes an arrow whirred through the jungle ahead, and one of the savages came back with the game. Sometimes a strange, bright bird flew screaming by. Otherwise no sound broke the shadowy stillness.

On the fourth day, up toward the mountain top, a shaft of sunlight broke through the trees. A savage ran back and beckoned Drake ahead. On the summit of the range he saw a small clearing, with a single tree left standing. In its branches was built a kind of bower. The savage pointed to a rough ladder up the trunk. In a moment Drake, musket and all, had clambered up.

Behind him rolled the blue Atlantic, over which he had come. Before him, below the mountains, shone Spain's South Sea, on which no English eyes had ever before looked.

In the bower Drake fell upon his knees, praying God "to give him life and leave to sail once in an English ship in that sea." Sometime, before many years, he vowed he would find out the secret of those waters. He would see for himself the golden shores of Spain's Peru. He would seize the treasure from her lazy Spanish ships before ever they got to Panama.

At midnight, a few days later, as the Spanish mule train jangled easily along Pizarro's road across the Isthmus, there came a burst of wild shouts. Out of the tall grass sprang dark figures waving swords and muskets. The Spanish mules trembled and lay down. Their drivers fled, and the whole train was in English hands. Pack after pack was torn open. But there was no gold there — only a few bars of silver and some food. In a moment Drake saw the truth. Someone had warned the Spaniards, and his game was lost. He could only run for the forest before the Spanish soldiers came after him.

But Drake did not give up. He waited a month till the Spaniards were sure he was well away from the Isthmus. Then once more as the mules jogged peacefully through the night, shots and arrows burst from the forest, and leaping figures fell on the mules and seized their packs. This time there was booty indeed. Fifteen tons of gold and silver bars Drake's men buried in the ground until sometime when they could come back for it. Then with their arms and pockets bulging with gold and jewels, they disappeared into the forest.

Five years later Francis Drake sat dining from silver

plates, to the sound of violins, in the perfumed cabin of his ship the *Pelican*. Beside him sat fine gentlemen in silks and velvets, with gold chains about their necks. The *Pelican* was outward bound from Plymouth on the greatest voyage any English ship had ever tried to make. And her company and her furnishings were grand accordingly. Even some of her kitchen dishes Drake had ordered made of solid silver, "whereby," says an old writer, "the magnificence of his native country might, amongst all nations whithersoever he should come, be the more admired."

Behind the *Pelican* followed the four other ships of Drake's fleet, and on the deck of one, so dreams a modern poet,[1] a sailor sang:

"The moon is up: the stars are bright:
The wind is fresh and free!
We're out to seek for gold tonight
Across the silver sea!
The world was growing gray and old:
Break out the sails again!
We're out to seek a Realm of Gold
Beyond the Spanish Main.
Beyond the light of far Cathay,
Beyond all mortal dreams,
Beyond the reach of night and day
Our Eldorado gleams."

Francis Drake was off for the voyage of his heart, to find out the secret of Spain's South Sea. Across the Atlantic and

[1] Alfred Noyes.



AN ENGLISH GALLEON OF DRAKE'S TIME

Galleons, like this one, were usually three-decked, and often elaborately decorated, with painted sails and carved woodwork. Notice the cannon. Magellan's ship *Victoria* carried these, too. (See page 100)

down the South American coast he sailed, stopping in a terrible storm at that very Port Saint Julian where, more than fifty years before, Magellan had punished his rebel captains. There Drake put to death a man who had been his friend,



DRAKE STOPS ON THE SOUTH AMERICAN COAST

He has given presents and the natives are dancing. (Drawing made about 1600)

for stirring up discord among the sailors. There too they saw the giant people whom Magellan had called Patagonians. "But yet," said Drake's parson, who wrote an account of the voyage, "they are nothing so monstrous or giantlike as they were reported, there being some Englishmen as tall as the highest of any that we could see."

Nearer and nearer to Magellan's Strait they came. Few Spaniards since Magellan had passed it alive, and no Englishman had ever tried it. In fact, said an old writer, "the very thoughts of attempting it were accounted dreadful." But Drake's sailors were ready. Cheerfully they struck their topsails as they entered, in honor of England's queen, Elizabeth. And to celebrate the occasion Drake changed the name of his ship from the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind*.

Two of the other ships had already been abandoned in the storms, so only two were left to follow the *Golden Hind* into the fearful strait. Down from the snow-capped peaks howled icy winds, sweeping the ships from side to side of the narrow channel. From the banks ahead fires lit by natives gleamed like will-o'-the-wisps. After seventeen days of this treacherous sailing they came out to the open ocean at last. Drake's prayer was answered. He was sailing in an English ship in Spain's South Sea.

But the sea, as if angry at his daring, rose against him. Since Noah's flood, said Drake's parson, "no traveler hath felt, neither hath there ever been such a tempest." The waves, he goes on to tell us, were rolled up "from the roots of the rocks . . . to water the exceeding tops of high and lofty mountains." For nearly two months the great storm lasted. One of Drake's ships went down with all on board. Another, seeking shelter in the strait, sailed back to the Atlantic and home to England.

Blown by the mighty winds, the *Golden Hind* at last found

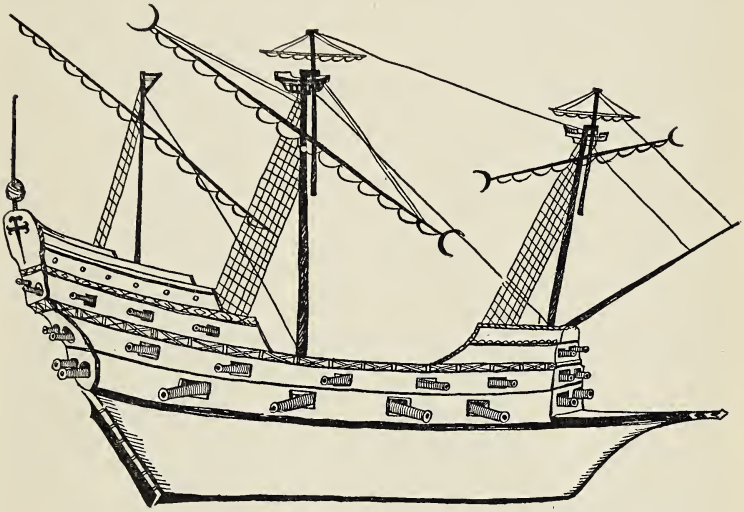
herself alone, farther south than any ship had sailed before. The sea had forced Drake to a great discovery. Before this, people had thought that south of Magellan's Strait the land went on in a wide strip to the south pole. But now, instead, Drake saw the land come to an end and "the Atlantic Ocean and the South Sea meet in a most large and free scope" round Cape Horn. There, going ashore, Drake threw himself down on the southernmost point and, clasping his arms about the rocky cliff, embraced the end of the known earth.

"Now," Drake's parson tells us, "the storm ceased . . . as if God all this while . . . had led us to make this discovery; which being made, according to his will, he stayed his hand." With a fair wind and a sparkling sea the *Golden Hind* sailed gayly northward toward the kingdom of Peru.

But she did not have to wait to get there to find a prize. In the harbor of Valparaiso in Chile, where some of Pizarro's men had built a town, lay a Spanish treasure ship called the *Grand Captain of the South.* The crew, seeing Drake's sail and never dreaming that any but a Spanish ship could be in those waters, beat their drums in welcome and opened a cask of wine. Drake took rude advantage of this courtesy. Onto their deck his sailors swarmed, crying in broken Spanish, "Down, dog, down!" In a moment the frightened Spaniards, trembling as if they had seen ghosts, were locked tight under the hatches, and the Englishmen were ransacking the ship. There they found casks of Chilean wine, "a certain quantity of fine gold," and a great cross of gold set

with emeralds. "We spent some time in refreshing ourselves and in easing this ship of so heavy a burden," said Drake's merry parson.

A little farther up the coast they came upon a Spaniard lying asleep with thirteen bars of silver beside him. Not



A SPANISH TREASURE FRIGATE

After Drake's raids the Spanish treasure ships took good care to be well armed. This one bristles with cannon, has a sharp prow for ramming, and carries curved knives on its yard arms for slashing the enemy's sails. (From a drawing made by a British spy, about 1590)

wishing to disturb his nap they "took the silver and left the man." Just beyond was another Spaniard driving eight llamas, each loaded with a hundred pounds of silver. "We could not endure to see a gentleman Spaniard turned carrier in this way," said the parson, "and therefore . . . we offered

our services and became drovers." Only, as he adds, they lost their way and drove the llamas to the boats of the *Golden Hind*.

At last in the dead of night they slipped into the port of Lima, the city Pizarro had built near the shore of Peru. In the harbor were a dozen vessels, but not a bit of gold or silver could Drake find. It had all been shipped to Panama two weeks before, he learned, on the *Spitfire*, "the great glory of the South Sea." In a flash Drake decided. He would leave the golden cities of Peru and catch their treasure on the high sea before it could reach Panama.

Under every bit of sail she had, the *Golden Hind* swept northward after her prize. "A golden chain," cried Drake, "to him who first sights the *Spitfire*!"

Twelve days they dashed on through that unknown sea, rowing when the wind died down, and straining their eyes night and day for a sight of the hoped-for sail. They were nearing the north of South America now. Panama was not far beyond. Could they reach the *Spitfire* before she turned?

"A sail!" cried young John Drake. "A sail! The golden chain is mine."

Sure enough, there ahead loomed the greatest treasure ship of Spain's South Sea. A single shot sent her mast reeling. With a volley of arrows forty Englishmen clambered aboard her. Treasures of Peru were in Drake's grasp. There were heaps of jewels, "thirteen chests of royals of plate, eighty pounds weight of gold, twenty-six tons of



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

The first Englishman to sail around the world. (From an old engraving)

uncoined silver, two very fair gilt silver drinking-bowls, and the like trifles," Drake's sly parson tells us. The South Sea was no longer Spain's alone. For forty-five years she had plundered Peru, and now Englishmen were robbing Spain.

What was Drake to do next? There was no use in going on to Panama. His ship was already weighted down with all the treasure she could hold. It would be foolhardy to sail back down the South American coast to Magellan's Strait. All Peru was alarmed now and waiting with ships and guns to catch the pirate. With all his booty he seemed caught on the back side of the world, with no safe way to get home.

A daring resolve came to him. He would sail on up the coast of North America and look for a passage round or through it to the Atlantic Ocean. To be sure, Verrazano and Cartier had searched the east coast for such a strait in vain. But men were still sure there must be one; and if there was, Drake decided he would find it from the west, thus doing England "a good and notable service" and finding for himself "a nearer cut and passage home."

But it was no use. As they sailed north they came into thick fog, driving snowstorms, and "extreme and nipping cold." The rain froze on the ropes of the ship, and the men could not handle the sails. Moreover, instead of opening eastward, the land trended more and more toward the northwest, "as if," said Drake's parson, "it went directly to meet with Asia."

At a point beyond where Vancouver now stands they turned south again in despair and ran down the coast to a harbor near our San Francisco. There for a month they stayed, refitting their sea-worn ship. Crowds of friendly Indians dressed in furs stood about watching them in awe. These white strangers were rather gods than men, they believed. So one day in solemn procession they came to Drake, placing their crown on his head, and begging him to rule their land as their king or god. Not knowing "what honor or profit it might bring our country in time to come," said the parson, Drake took the crown in the name of his queen, Elizabeth.

Back from the shore Drake found his new empire swarming with fat deer and sparkling with grains of gold. Delighted with this rich country, he named it New Albion, or New England, because its cliffs were white like those at home. On "a great and firm post" he set up a brass plate with the name and date, telling how the Indians had freely given the land to the queen of England. So on the edge of the Western World, where no white man had been before, Drake laid the English claim to a new country that was one day to rival the wealth of New Spain.

The *Golden Hind* was ready again for her homeward voyage. But what way should she take? The passage through North America was not to be found. There was but one course left: to follow in Magellan's track to the Philippines and so, ever westward, home round the world. Off the coast

above Panama Drake had captured one of the Spanish ships that sailed every year to the Philippines from New Spain. In her cabin were the precious charts of the voyage. The whole secret of Spain's South Sea was in Drake's hands.



AN OLD DRAWING OF ONE OF THE LADRONE ISLANDS

It shows European ships off the coast, surrounded by native sail-boats. The drawing was made about twenty years after Drake's visit

So while the Indians built farewell fires on the hills of New Albion, the *Golden Hind* steered out across the Pacific. At the Ladrones Islands natives in canoes came out to steal from Drake as they had from Magellan. At the Philippines he stopped only for water, and on November 3, 1579, he saw ahead the mountain peaks of the Spice Islands.

Splendid war boats with beating drums came out to meet

them. The next day the Sultan received them in state on shore. His robe was of cloth of gold, his fingers glittered with diamonds, turquoises, and emeralds, and a slave waved over him a sapphire fan. He did not love the Portuguese, who had for so many years taken all the trade of the Spice Islands. He would be glad to trade with the English, he said. Indeed, Drake might have all the cloves he wished and come again for more.

Loaded with all the spices she could hold, the *Golden Hind* set out on the last lap of her voyage toward the Indian Ocean and the Cape of Good Hope. But before she had left the Eastern islands behind, one evening without warning she ran on a reef. Gold and jewels, silver, spices, and men were at the mercy of the sea. In a few hours the boat might be pounded to pieces, and there would be none to tell of that peerless voyage to Spain's South Sea.

All night long the frantic sailors prayed. The next morning the *Golden Hind* was still whole. As a last desperate hope Drake ordered tons of the precious cloves thrown overboard to lighten her. In the afternoon the wind changed, and at high tide as if by a miracle the ship slid off into the deep water. She was safely afloat and but little the worse for her adventure. Breathing freely again, Drake turned her prow out to the open sea.

One day in September, 1580, a little leaky ship sailed into Plymouth harbor. The *Golden Hind* had turned up "a furrow about the whole world" and was home again. For

three years she had sailed over Spain's highways, and now tons of Spanish gold were set ashore in England.

Drake was a millionaire, and his sailors could live like princes. Though the Spanish ambassador railed at him for a thief and the queen formally reproved him, the people



PROCESSION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH TO VISIT A LORD

adored him and swarmed to see him. "Books, pictures, and ballads were published in his praise." The *Golden Hind* was drawn up on shore for all to see. Finally the queen herself, who in her heart liked her bold pirate, went on board. The banquet Drake gave her there was the finest that had been seen in England for many a year, and afterwards the queen knighted him with a gilded sword.

Drake was indeed "the master thief of the unknown world." In one raid he had robbed Spain's treasure house of Peru and Portugal's "spicery." He had broken into the western wilderness of North America and taken the edge of a mighty continent for England. He had stolen the secret of Spain's South Sea. He had shown that no nation could own the oceans. He had made them free for all men to sail in.

VIII

THE LAND OF THE HUMPBACKED COWS

1

NO SOONER had Cortes sent home the first treasure fleets than all Spain was full of tales of this wonderful America. One could pick gold from the bushes there, people said. And who knew when again some adventurer riding inland would come upon another city of gold and stone like Mexico?

Somewhere in the wilderness of the Americas, one story ran, there gleamed Seven Cities of stone studded with jewels. There too, people said, was the sacred lake set round with golden towers where lived El Dorado, the Gilded Man. Every day, glittering from head to foot with powdered gold, this king, they said, plunged into the shining waters, while his people threw in gifts of turquoises and pearls to the Spirit of the Lake. Men in Spain sold their good farms and took ship for America to search for El Dorado.

Now it happened that some years before, in 1513, an old Spanish nobleman named Ponce de Leon had sailed north from the islands near America to look for the Fountain of Youth. In those seas, he had heard, on an island full of fruits and gold, was this enchanted fountain from which one

had only to drink to grow young again. So when in the sunlight of Easter morning he found himself before a green shore, bright with birds and blossoming trees, he thought, "Surely this is the island where I shall find my fountain." And naming the place Florida, or the Flowery Land, he claimed it for Spain.

Poor Ponce de Leon did not find his fountain there, and his Florida was not an island, but a peninsula at the southeast of our North America. But years later when men began to look for El Dorado, some of them said, "Let us go to Florida, the blossoming country Ponce de Leon found."



PONCE DE LEON
From a drawing made in the eighteenth century

So one April day in 1528 three hundred Spaniards landed on the wild green shore of western Florida. Naked red men ran about among the trees, and at the end of a bay were some of their rough wooden houses. In one of these a Spaniard found a few lumps of gold. At a city far beyond, called Apalachen, was much more, the Indians said. The

Spaniards' eyes gleamed. "We shall find our gold without trouble," thought they. And with half a pound of bacon and two pounds of biscuit apiece, they set off on their strenuous march through the wilderness to conquer El Dorado.



"NAKED RED MEN RAN ABOUT AMONG THE TREES, AND AT THE END OF A BAY WERE SOME OF THEIR ROUGH HOUSES"

Notice the deer, pumpkins, and grapes, and the turkeys which were new to Europeans. (This is a picture of a similar scene, drawn about 1600)

One of the Spaniards, named Álvaro Núñez Cabeza de Vaca, did not approve of rushing off so. He was afraid they might be hungry before they reached the golden city. But he trudged along with the rest, week after week, through



ROUTES OF THE EARLY SPANISH EXPLORERS IN THE UNITED STATES

the endless forest of palm and pine. Their armor seemed heavier and heavier. Besides their bacon and biscuit, which were soon gone, they had nothing to eat but palm leaves, and once some corn from an Indian village.

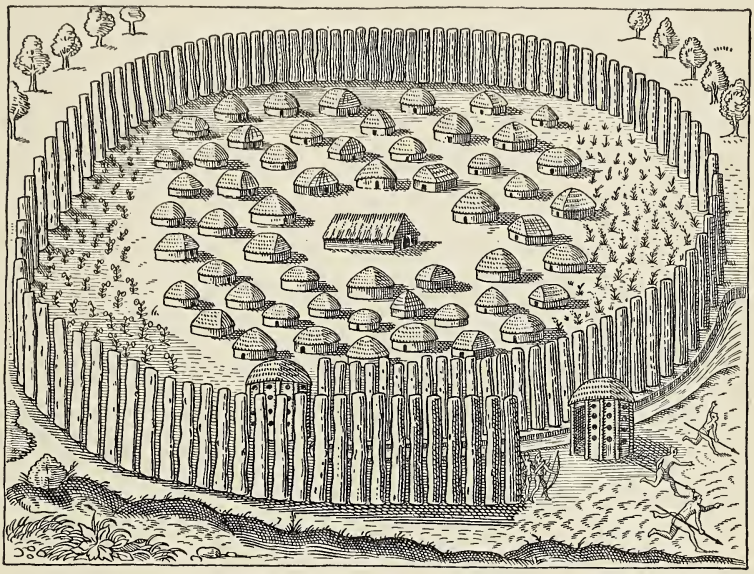
The forest grew wilder. "The trees," said Cabeza de Vaca, "were wonderfully tall." Thunder crashed about them, and the lightning felled tree trunks in their path. Bears, rabbits, and deer dashed through the brush. Herons and hawks screamed overhead. Often they came to wide rivers and lakes where they had to build rafts to get across.

One day they heard the sound of flutes. Naked Indians came toward them through the forest, playing on reeds. On the shoulders of one rode their chief, wearing a painted deerskin. Just beyond was his village, with good corn patches. And not far away, he told them, was the city of Apalachen for which they searched. The Spaniards forgot their weariness. The golden city was now almost within their grasp.

Some days later Indians pointed it out ahead. But no golden towers gleamed in the sunlight. Instead the Spaniards saw forty huts of straw nestled in the forest. They searched the village from end to end. Not a glint of gold or silver met their eyes. There were only piles of deerskins, a few cotton mantles, and some dried corn.

From the woods roundabout the Indians, who had fled at their coming, began to shoot at them with powerful bows and arrows that pierced tree trunks and wounded the Spaniards

in spite of their good armor. For three weeks the Spaniards stayed there, daily attacked by the Indians. Beyond, their guides told them, the country was full of "big lakes, dense forests, and great deserts." There were no towns, and few



A VILLAGE OF FLORIDA INDIANS
From a drawing made about 1600

people. It was hopeless to go that way for gold. There seemed nothing to do but to go west toward the sea.

So they started on the long, hard march again. Sometimes Indian arrows whirred through the forest. Horses fell, and men were wounded. By the time they reached the shore many of them were ill and dying. No one talked any more

of gold. It seemed to them that they would be perfectly happy if they might get back to a Christian country where there was proper food.

But how could they go? They were too weak to march farther. Their ships were gone. Only one way was left: to build some barges and try to coast along the shore to Mexico. "It seemed impossible," said Cabeza de Vaca, "as none of us knew how to construct ships. We had no tools, no iron, no forge, . . . no pitch, no tackling . . . and, above all, there was nothing to eat while the work was going on."

The next day, however, one of the men said that he would make bellows of deerskin and wood. Others gave their spurs, stirrups, and crossbows of iron to be forged into nails, saws, and hatchets. From palm fiber and from the tails and manes of their horses they twisted ropes and tackles, and from their shirts they made sails. Every third day they killed a horse to eat.

In a month and a half they had built and floated five barges, each big enough to hold fifty men. Fifty of the Spaniards had already died in that unhappy Florida, and the rest, crowding on board their crazy craft, steered off toward the west.

For a month, with little corn and less water, they struggled on along the wild coast, seeing no one but a few "poor and wretched" red men fishing from canoes. Off the shore of our state of Alabama they came upon richer Indians dressed in robes of fur, who cast stones at them with slings.

Some days later, on rounding a point, they came to the mouth of a mighty river. So wide and powerful was it that the current swept their barges far out to sea. Three of them were lost to sight, and another went down in a storm. It was the first sad meeting of white men with the Mississippi River.

So Cabeza de Vaca's barge was alone on that wild sea. The waves pounded it, and the cold November weather chilled the men. One by one they fell down fainting until Cabeza de Vaca was the only one able to stand. Alone, he steered his boat full of dying men through the icy night.

Just before dawn he heard the roar of surf. A few hours later, with a crash, a wave hurled the barge "a horse's length out of water" up on the dry land. Cabeza de Vaca built a fire and found water for his sick comrades, who began to creep about on all fours. Friendly Indians brought them fish and roots to eat. In a few days they were strong enough to go on again.

Taking off their clothes, the Spaniards managed to lift the barge out of the sand into which it had sunk and float it on the water. But hardly had they left the shore when a breaker swept over them. The barge was overturned, some of them were drowned, and the rest were thrown half dead on the beach again. Their barge was lost; their clothes and food were at the bottom of the sea. They lay naked and starving on the wild Texas coast. The Indians cared for them as best they could, but there was little warmth in their

frail huts of matting. During that freezing winter all of these Spaniards died except Cabeza de Vaca and thirteen others. In the spring the thirteen went on along the coast, but Cabeza de Vaca was so weak and ill that he had to stay alone with the Indians.

When he got well he worked for months as the Indians' slave, digging in the water for roots till his fingers bled. Finally he could stand it no longer, and he ran away to other Indians in the woods. For five years he roamed up and down eastern Texas as a trader, peddling his wares from tribe to tribe. To the inland Indians he carried seashells and cockles from the coast, and they in turn would give him hides, red paint, and arrow points to take back to the Indians of the shore. "This trade suited me well," he said, "because it gave me liberty to go wherever I pleased. I was . . . no longer a slave. Wherever I went they treated me well and gave me to eat for the sake of my wares. . . . My principal object in doing it, however, was to find out in what manner I might get farther away."

At last Cabeza de Vaca decided to go on toward the west in search of the Spanish cities of Mexico. Crossing the plains of eastern Texas, he met Indians who told him that close by were three men like himself. The next day, overcome with joy, he saw outside an Indian camp two Spaniards and a negro. They were all who were left of the thirteen men saved from Cabeza de Vaca's barge who had gone on along the coast. When they had reached this

region they had dared go no farther because of the great rivers beyond, which they could not swim. So for five years they had stayed here as the Indians' slaves. But now they decided to go along with Cabeza de Vaca in search of New Spain.

Now the Indians of the plains, whose slaves they were, did not live in one place, but roved about in search of food. Every two or three days they picked up their huts of matting and carried them on their backs till they found good nuts or roots to eat. For three months every year they went to the plains of cactus to pick prickly pears. Just beyond these cactus plains lived Indians of another tribe, and it was to them the Spaniards planned to escape.

For a year Cabeza de Vaca worked with the others as the Indians' slave. Then early one morning they fled out of the cactus fields into the west. All day they ran, with beating hearts, fearing every minute to hear the cries of angry Indians behind them. At last ahead, against the sunset sky, they saw a trail of smoke. They had come safely to the camp of the other tribe.

So, week after week, the four naked wanderers kept on through the rough forests and bare plains of Texas, always toward the west. Sometimes for days they had nothing to eat but a handful of dried fruit. Thorns tore their arms and legs and made them bleed till they could go no farther.

Everywhere the strong, agile Indians were kind to them. These wandering white men were children of the sun, they

believed, and the sick Indians crowded about them begging to be cured. There was nothing for the Spaniards to do but become medicine men. "I was the most daring and reckless of all in undertaking cures," said Cabeza de Vaca. "We never treated anyone that did not afterward say he was well, and they had such confidence in our skill as to believe that none of them would die as long as we were among them."

Once, he said, "they brought to me a man, who a long time ago had been shot through the left side of the back with an arrow, the head of which stuck close to his heart. He said it gave him much pain and on this account he was sick. . . . By inserting the point of a knife, with great difficulty I got it out: it was very long. Then with a deer-bone I made two stitches. . . . The next day I cut the stitches, and the Indian was well." So famous did this cure make the Spaniards that Indians from all the tribes round-about wanted to go with them on their journey. "Often," says Cabeza de Vaca, "we had with us three to four thousand persons."

Now toward the western edge of Texas they came to mountains, and the Spaniards were no longer hungry. As they walked through the valleys each Indian of that great following carried a club to scare up the rabbits. Others went with bows and arrows to the mountains after deer. "When at night they came back," said Cabeza de Vaca, "it was with five or six deer for each one of us, with birds and quail and other game."

Three times in that wilderness the Spaniards saw shaggy humpbacked beasts they called cows, which strayed down from the plains at the north. "Their horns are small," Cabeza de Vaca tells us, "the hair is very long like fine wool, . . . and to my taste they have better and more meat than those in Spain. Of the small hides the Indians make blankets. . . . Of the taller ones they make shoes and targets." It was the first time white men had seen the American buffalo.

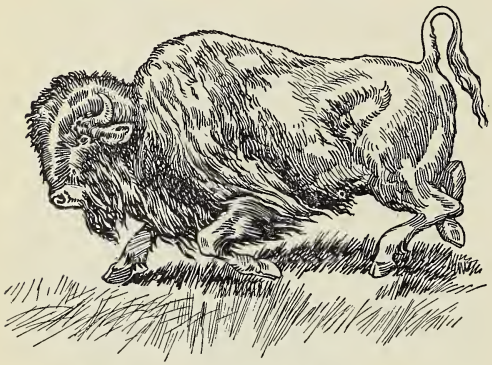


A DRAWING OF A BUFFALO MADE IN 1558

On the banks of the Rio Grande the Spaniards found Indians whom they called the Cow People because they had so many buffalo robes. They lived in "real houses" of earth or of matting and had gardens of beans and squashes. Pushing into the mountains of northern Mexico, the Spaniards saw better and better houses, with "a great stock of corn and beans." In one place the people gave them "six hundred hearts of deer, . . . blankets of cotton better than those of New Spain, . . . plenty of beads made out of coral found in the South Sea, many good turquoises, . . . and five emeralds shaped as arrow points." The women wore dresses of cotton and deerskin. It was the best land in America,

Cabeza de Vaca thought, and he believed there was gold and silver in the mountains.

In that warm country of fruit and rivers one of the Spaniards noticed on the neck of an Indian a horseshoe nail sewed to a buckle from a Spanish sword belt. The Indian said that some white men from heaven had recently come through the country and dropped it there. Several days later, Cabeza de Vaca tells us, "I came upon four Christians on horseback, who, seeing me in such strange attire and in the company of Indians, were greatly startled. They stared at me quite a while speechless; so great was their surprise that they could not find words to ask me anything."



A MODERN DRAWING OF A BUFFALO

This was the "humpbacked cow," which impressed De Vaca, De Soto, and Coronado, and which once roamed the western plains of the United States in great droves

The wanderers were rescued at last. The Spaniards who found them had come up from the Spanish posts near the west coast of Mexico, and took them back there. "The governor [at Compostela] received us very well," said Cabeza de Vaca, "giving us of what he had for us to dress in: but for many days I could bear no clothing, nor could

I sleep except on the bare floor." Finally the wanderers went on to Mexico City, where the viceroy celebrated their safe arrival with a bull fight.

It was 1537 when Cabeza de Vaca got back to Spain. The nine years since he landed on the wild Florida coast had been stranger than a dream. Naked and often starving, he had crossed an unknown continent from ocean to ocean, sometimes with thousands of wild red folk at his heels. He had slept in their frail shanties. He had lived on roots and the scrapings of deerskin. He had met the huge "humpbacked cows," never before heard of in Europe. First of white men, he had seen the wide western plains and mountain ranges of our North America. Somewhere in that west, he believed, there were "pearls and great wealth." He would go back to that rich country and conquer it for the Spanish king.

But just before Cabeza de Vaca arrived in Spain, who should land there but the dashing Captain Hernando de Soto, home from Peru? Such tales as he had to tell of Atahualpa and the Kingdom of the Sun had never been heard in Europe. He had started out with Pizarro, with nothing but his good sharp sword. He had come back with piles of gold. He dressed in silks and velvets and lived in a palace with dozens of footmen to run upon his errands. Nothing would do, however, but he must be off again to find some other golden kingdom in the west. He went to the king, who made him governor of Florida, with the right to

discover and conquer all that vast width of North America above Mexico. So when Cabeza de Vaca got back he was just too late. De Soto had the right he wanted.

2

When De Soto heard Cabeza de Vaca's story he was more eager than ever to go to Florida. Though Cabeza de Vaca told how he had struggled and starved, still De Soto was sure from the hints he dropped that Florida must be "the richest country in the world." Hundreds of gentlemen who had also heard Cabeza de Vaca's tale sold their palaces and farms and flocked on board De Soto's ships.

One May day in 1539, with waving banners and flashing armor, they landed on the green Florida coast. Eagerly they rode into the forest, seizing Indians wherever they could and leading them in chains to point out the way. Ahead, toward the sunrise, one of the Indians said, was a land where the warriors wore helmets of gold. But month after month went by, and there was only forest and more forest. Horses fell in the swamps, and the Indians killed others with their swift stone-tipped arrows. Once a Spaniard came upon the skulls of horses that had belonged to Cabeza de Vaca's band. Hungry and ill, the men begged De Soto to leave this land of ill luck before they too died. But "De Soto replied that he would never turn back till he had seen [it all] with his own eyes."

In December they reached Apalachen, the town where

Cabeza de Vaca's band had hoped to find El Dorado, and there De Soto decided to spend the winter. In the spring he would set off again for that country toward the sunrise where another Indian had just told him the queen had baskets full of gold.



HERNANDO DE SOTO
From an eighteenth-century drawing

Toward the end of April, after two months of hard travel through our state of Georgia, De Soto arrived at a pleasant Indian town with neat cane-roofed huts. Down the Savannah River close by floated a fleet of canoes. In one of them, seated upon cushions, was the Indian queen herself. She brought him presents of skins and feather shawls, "and drawing from over her head a large string of pearls she threw them about his neck . . . with many gracious words of friendship and courtesy." "Observing that the Christians valued the pearls," she finally gave De Soto three hundred and fifty pounds of them, carved with figures of babies and birds.

This country was "delightful and fertile," said one of De Soto's soldiers. "The forest was open, with abundance of walnut and mulberry trees." The Atlantic Ocean was said to be only two days' journey away. "To all," the soldier tells us, "it appeared well to make a settlement



INDIANS WITH FLAMING ARROWS FIRING A VILLAGE
From a drawing made about 1600

here. . . . But De Soto, as it was his object to find another treasure like that of Atahualpa, lord of Peru, would not be content with good lands nor pearls, . . . and as he ever acted as he thought best, all bent to his will."

So they started out again toward the southwest. Across our state of Alabama they rode, meeting friendly Indian

chiefs with mantles of fur and crowns of feathers. By October they had reached Mavilla, an Indian town inside a palisade, not far from the Gulf of Mexico. There in a great battle with the Indians the whole town was burned, and the Spaniards lost all their precious pearls in the fire.

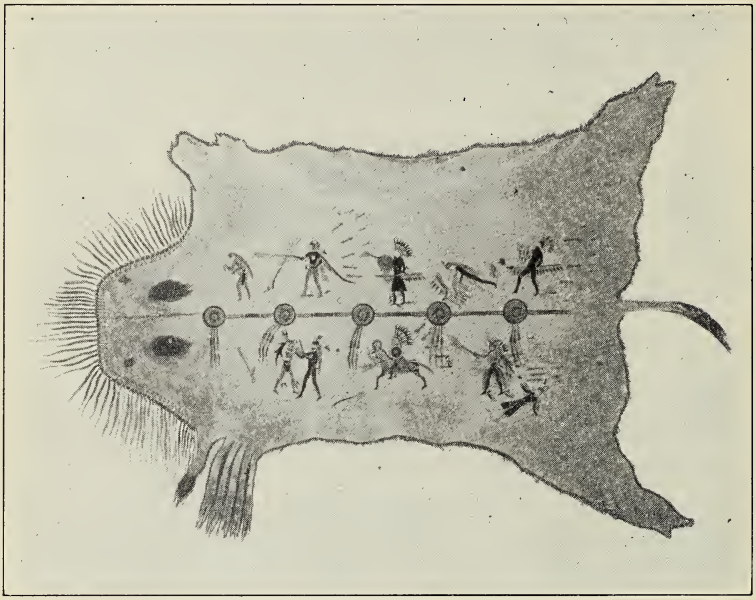
Though over a hundred of his men had already died, still De Soto determined to keep on "until he should have discovered a rich country." All the Spaniards' clothes had been lost in another fire, and that winter they marched northward through cold and snow, dressed in mats of dried grass.

In the spring of 1541 those who were left alive came to a river so wide that a man standing on the bank could hardly be seen from the other side. "The stream was swift," said one of De Soto's men. "The water brought down from above many trees . . . driven onward by its force." This was the Mississippi River, and on its muddy surface floated two hundred war canoes full of painted and feathered Indians.

In a month the Spaniards built four barges, and one morning before sunrise they stole across the river, safe from the sleeping Indians. For a year De Soto rode about our state of Arkansas looking for El Dorado. He found palisaded Indian towns provided with beans, pumpkins, corn, and colored deerskins. Some of the Indians gave him buffalo robes, but he did not venture to the bare plains to the northward to see the buffaloes themselves. Three hundred men and forty lame horses were all he had left, and in all that wide country

from the Atlantic Ocean to the other side of the Mississippi he had found no sign of gold or silver.

Even De Soto's stout hopes of El Dorado began to fail, and he decided to go back to the sea. By the time he had



A DECORATED BUFFALO SKIN

reached the Mississippi again he had already sunk into a fever, and there in the spring of 1542 he died, worn out by disappointment. The Spaniards had told the Indians that De Soto was the child of the sun, who lived forever. So to hide his death, one dark night they took his body in a canoe to the middle of the Mississippi and, weighting it with sand,

sunk it there. De Soto and his bright hopes of El Dorado were buried in its black waters.

His three hundred followers who were left toiled on toward the southwest. By another summer, they believed, they could reach Mexico, and on the way they might still come to "some rich country." Autumn found them on the edge of Texas. There in one town they found turquoises and cotton cloth, and some of the Spaniards were eager to press on toward the sunset where Cabeza de Vaca had told of "gold, silver, and stones of much value." But directly ahead of them, they believed, were those desert plains where Cabeza de Vaca had found only wandering Indians living on roots and prickly pears. If they went there in the winter they should starve. Most of them thought the only safe course was to go back to the Mississippi and try to build barges to float down to Mexico.

So they turned back. The next summer they drifted down the river in their unsteady boats. Swept out to sea at last, they followed the coast of Texas until in September, 1543, they reached New Spain. "Leaping on shore, they kissed the ground, and all on bended knees, with hands raised above them and their eyes to heaven, remained untiring in giving thanks to God."

3

Now while De Soto and his men had been wandering through the eastern half of the United States, other Spaniards had been traveling through the western half. Cabeza de

Vaca's story had caused as much excitement in Mexico as it had in Spain. People there believed that the towns with houses four stories high, of which Cabeza de Vaca had heard in the West, were none other than the Seven Cities of stone and jewels for which Spaniards had hoped so long.

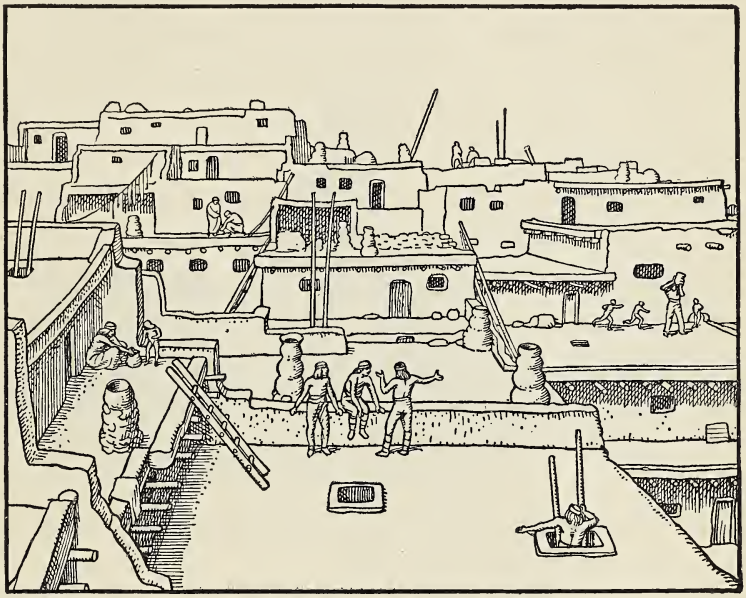
So in 1540 Coronado, with more than a thousand men, marched up the west coast of Mexico into the wilderness of our United States to conquer the Seven Cities for Spain. Across the corner of our state of Arizona he kept on through the hills to the north until one day in our New Mexico an Indian told him that he was coming to the first city. The Spaniards spurred their horses. But when they saw the city, "such were the curses that some hurled at the leader," said a soldier, "that I pray God may protect him from them."

The city was only "a little crowded village," he goes on to say, "looking as if it had all been crumpled up together." To be sure, the houses were three and four stories high, but they were built not of stone but of clay. In the lower stories were no doors or windows. Instead, a ladder leaning against the wall led to the stories above. The Seven Cities were seven Indian pueblos, like those that can be seen in New Mexico today.

Inside the houses the Spaniards found "good rooms," supplied with jars of decorated earthenware. The people wore robes made of feathers, fur, and gayly-woven cloth, and they had fine turquoises and a few emeralds and gar-

nets. The men spun and wove the cloth, and the women ground the corn to the sound of the fife.

Meanwhile Coronado had heard of a great river to the westward, and he sent some of his men into the desert to



"A LITTLE CROWDED VILLAGE"
An Indian pueblo today

find it. After twenty days' journey, in a cold country full of low, twisted pine trees, they came to a tremendous chasm, miles across. At the bottom flowed the river, seemingly a little stream, not more than six feet wide, though the Indians said it measured more than a mile. But search as

Coronado's men might, they could find no way to climb down the chasm wall to reach it. For three days they looked in vain. Then three of the most agile scrambled boldly over the precipice and were soon lost to sight of the rest. Late that afternoon they clambered up again. In all that time they had gone only a third of the way to the bottom. But they could see that the river was as wide as the Indians had said. Indeed, cliffs that from the top of the chasm looked about as tall as a man were really higher than the greatest tower in Spain. First of white men, these three Spaniards had explored the Grand Canyon.

But Coronado did not turn to see it. With his army he pressed on eastward among the pueblos. All seven he took, and rode on to groups of others. Away to the northeast, an Indian told him, was a level country where the king had his afternoon nap under a tree hung with "little gold bells which put him to sleep as they swung in the air." Everyone there ate from golden dishes, the Indian said, and on their river were ships with sails.

Coronado followed as the Indian directed, and after two weeks he came out on plains so vast that he could not find their limit anywhere. There were "no more landmarks than as if we had been swallowed up in the sea," he wrote the king. "There was not a stone, nor a bit of rising ground, nor a tree, nor a shrub, nor anything to go by."

Over these plains roamed such great herds of buffaloes, Coronado goes on to say, "that there was not a day that I

lost sight of them." There too he saw a new kind of Indians "who travel around with these cows, who do not plant, and who eat the raw flesh of the cows they kill. . . . They have little field tents made of the hides of the cows, tanned and



A CHIEF'S WIGWAM AND DOGS

greased, very well made. . . . They have dogs . . . which carry their tents and poles and belongings for them."

Seventy-seven days Coronado rode across these plains in our states of Oklahoma and Kansas before he came to the province by the river of which the Indians had told. There, so Coronado wrote the king, " they had described to me houses of stone with many stories; and not only are they not of stone but of straw, but the people in them are as

barbarous as all those I have seen before them. . . . And what I am sure of is that there is not any gold nor any other metal in all that country, and the other things of which they had told me are nothing but little villages, and in many of these they do not plant anything and do not have any houses except of skins and sticks. . . . So the account they gave me was false, because they wanted to persuade me to go there with the whole force, believing that as the way was through such uninhabited deserts, they would get us where we and our horses would die of hunger. And the guides confessed this."

The country itself Coronado thought the best that he had ever seen, "for besides the land being very fat and black, and being very well watered by the springs and rivers, I found prunes like those of Spain and nuts and very good sweet grapes and mulberries." Nevertheless he believed that Spaniards could not live there because the winters were too cold.

So Coronado turned his back upon our United States, little guessing that at the very time he was in Kansas three hundred other Spaniards under De Soto were roaming through Arkansas to the south. In the two years from 1539 to 1541 Spaniards had seen our rolling land from shore to shore.

Fifty years after Columbus had planted Spain's banner on the island edge of a new world, her explorers had toiled through two unknown continents. And all those vast reaches



A WARRIOR OF THE PLAINS DRESSED FOR THE DANCE

of forest, river, and mountain, golden city, and savage wigwam they claimed as the empire of the Spanish king. Our United States from Florida to California and from Mexico to Kansas was Spain's. But Spaniards turned away in despair. It was a barren wilderness, they said, with no hint of treasure. Instead of shining cities and jeweled chiefs, they had found from end to end only bleak plains, wild forests, and a few red Indians living in tents of skin or huts of clay. No El Dorado gleamed beside its silent pools. Their visions and their hopes were gone, and they turned once more to their golden kingdoms of the south. They could not see the broad miles of wheat and cotton that were one day to bring to our wild plains more wealth than all their mines to Mexico and Peru.

IX

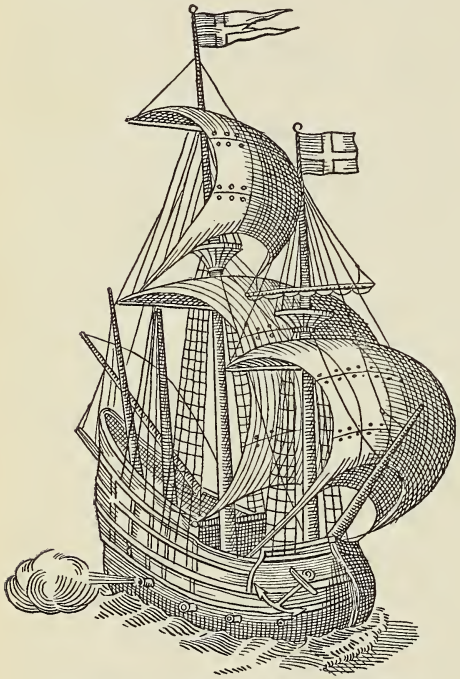
THE KINGDOM OF THE FOREST

WHILE Cabeza de Vaca, De Soto, and Coronado were crossing the southern plains of our United States, far to the north of them, as you know, the bold French captain Cartier was pressing farther and farther into North America up the blue St. Lawrence River. The Spaniards found no El Dorado, and Cartier no waterway to Cathay. So Frenchmen and Spaniards turned away, and for more than half a century all that vast interior of our North America lay green and silent, untouched by white men.

The Spaniards mined the gold of Mexico and Peru, while the English lay in wait to seize their treasure fleets. And every year Englishmen and Frenchmen sent their fishing-boats by the hundreds to bring back cod from the banks of Newfoundland. There too along the Canadian coast they met Indians, with canoes full of beaver skins and bear skins to trade for knives and beads. So every year Frenchmen brought home richer and richer cargoes of fish and furs from the North-American shores and gave little thought to the vast plains and forests that lay behind.

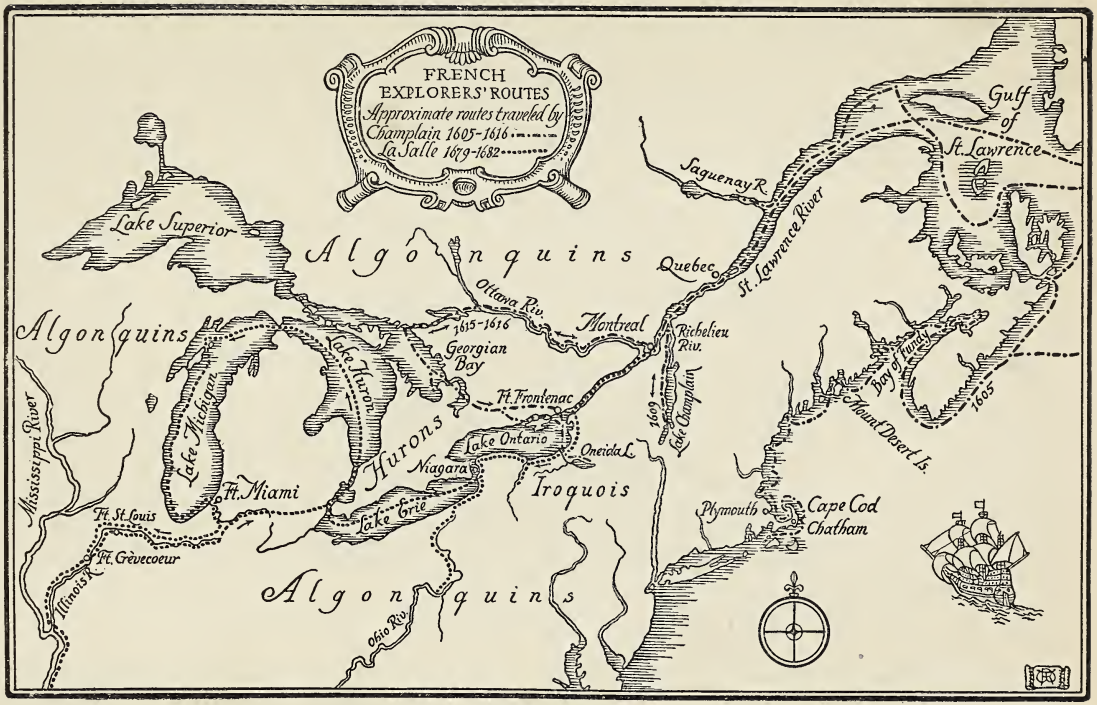
One day there came a young Frenchman named Samuel de Champlain, who saw that wide green land with different

eyes. "In this New France of furs and rivers and forests," thought he, "we Frenchmen can build a kingdom greater and more splendid than New Spain with all its silver and gold."



CHAMPLAIN'S DRAWING OF A SHIP
Possibly of his own vessel

Now, Champlain knew America as few Frenchmen did. Twenty years after Drake's raids on Spain's treasure-houses in the New World, Champlain had boldly sailed with the Spanish fleet up to their very doors. He had landed with Spaniards in the forbidden harbor of Vera Cruz. He had drawn pictures of the City of Mexico itself and he had written the first French account of New Spain. He had seen the gold and silver bars piled up at Panama, and there more than three hundred years ago he suggested a ship canal through the Isthmus, "by which," he said, " the voyage to the South Sea would be shortened by more than fifteen hundred leagues."



WHERE THE FRENCH EXPLORERS WENT

Four years later he had sailed with other Frenchmen in Cartier's track up the St. Lawrence as far as the great rapids. But there below Mount Royal no throngs of red men came dancing to meet him. The Indian city was gone, and only a few wandering savages camped upon the spot. To the west, beyond the waterfalls, these Indians told him, lay two "exceeding great" lakes, and beyond them another lake so vast that no man "had seen the end thereof."

Champlain's heart leaped. The Indians were telling him of our Great Lakes. But Champlain, who could not imagine such inland seas, believed that the vast lake far toward the west could be none other than the Pacific Ocean. Perhaps after all Cartier had been right, and the St. Lawrence River was the beginning of a great waterway through North America to the treasures of Cathay. If that were true, then New France, once established on its banks, would be the mightiest kingdom in the world. At her feet would be the canoes of the American red men, with their priceless loads of furs, and over the South Sea at her side would come her ships full of the spices and jewels of the East. And through all the forests and rivers of North America her black-robed priests could go, bringing thousands of heathen red men into the Roman Catholic Church.

To lay the foundation of this kingdom of New France, Champlain believed there were needed only a few French traders and priests to make a settlement on the banks of the

St. Lawrence, while two or three hardy explorers went on to find a waterway to China through the great lakes of the west.

But it was five years before Champlain could begin this mighty work. When he got back to France he found that

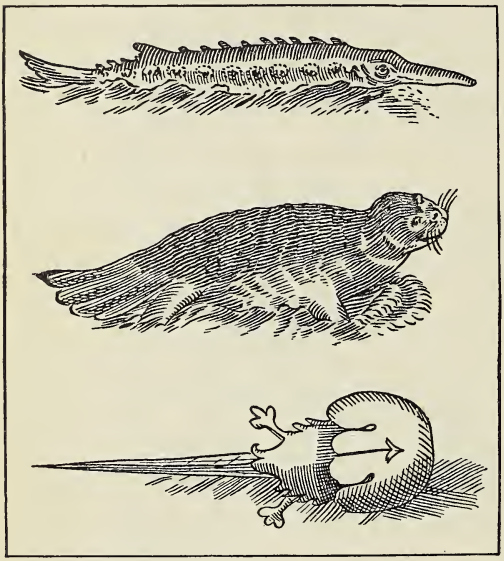


CHAMPLAIN'S DRAWING OF THE SETTLEMENT ON THE BAY OF FUNDY

Champlain illustrated his account of his voyages. He did not have a very good idea of perspective, but he carefully put in all the details that he saw. In this picture L, M, and X are gardens, and Y is the river

another group of Frenchmen had gained the right to New France and had planned a settlement not on the St. Lawrence but down the Atlantic coast to the south, on the Bay of Fundy. The next three winters Champlain spent with this

band, snowbound and icebound in their fort on the bleak Canadian shore. Twice when the summer came, Champlain with some of his comrades sailed in a small ship down the coast of our states of Maine and Massachusetts looking for a milder place to settle. Along the northern shores they found Indians dressed in beaver skins and moose skins, who lived by hunting and fishing, like those Verrazano had seen there eighty years before. Only pine and fir trees dotted the rocky coasts. One island, for its bare peaks, the explorers named Mount Desert.

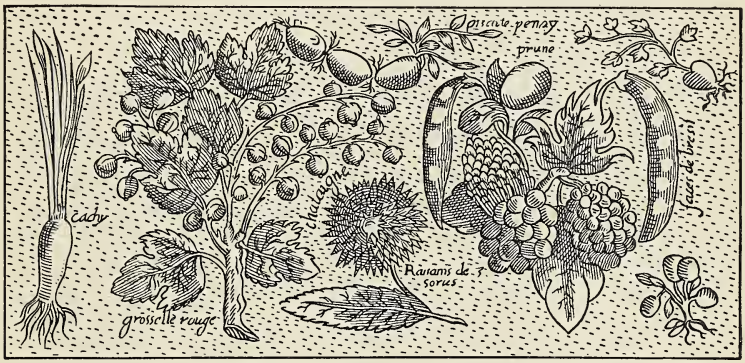


CHAMPLAIN'S DRAWINGS OF A STURGEON, A SEAL, AND A HORSESHOE CRAB

But farther south toward Massachusetts they came to a gentler country, green with grapevines and bright with red-winged blackbirds. The Indians too were different, dressed in grass and hemp, and living in wigwams with gardens of squashes, pumpkins, corn, and beans. They came dancing to welcome the Frenchmen, making speeches and bringing presents.

Champlain saw the bare islands of our Boston Harbor covered with trees, and Plymouth, where he came fifteen years before the English Pilgrims, he found bright with wigwams of friendly Indians. Some of them came to greet him in wooden canoes full of cod and asked him to come up their river.

But the stream was too shallow for his ship, and Champlain did not stay. Sailing southward, he saw ahead a long



CHAMPLAIN'S DRAWINGS OF AMERICAN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

line of sand dunes which he called Cape Blanc, or the White Cape. That shining shore was our Cape Cod, and Champlain after rounding it landed finally at Chatham on the south.

Around that blue harbor he found the landscape green with "very beautiful vines," a great many walnuts, oaks, cedars, and a few pines. On the hills were gardens of Indian corn near round cabins made of reeds and roofed with corn leaves. Game birds flew about the marshes, and the shores

were rich in oysters. It would have been a good place for a settlement, Champlain thought, but for the sand bars which blocked the harbor.

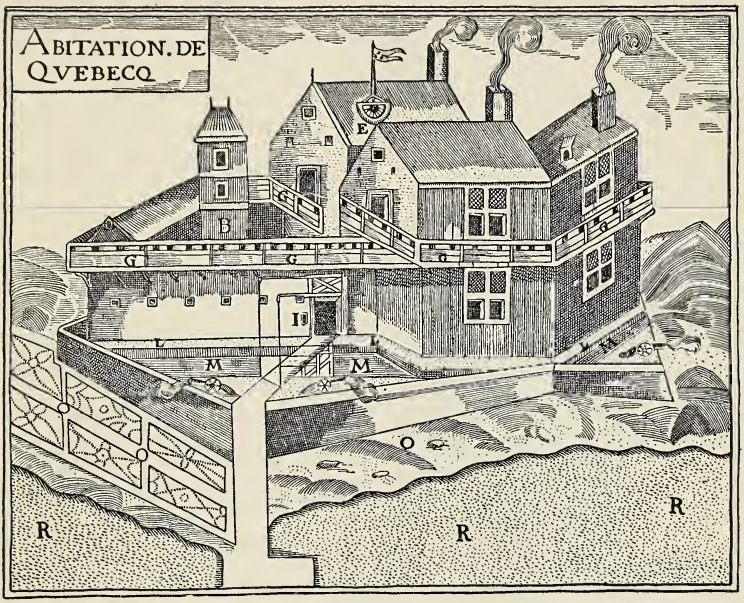
So he sailed on through the shallow water along the south side of the cape, until autumn gales forced him to turn about for New France. The next summer the colony on the Canadian coast was given up, and Champlain went back to France to gain help for his great plan of building an empire on the St. Lawrence.

It was July 3, 1608, when he began to lay the foundations of his long-desired settlement. On the green point of Quebec, "filled with nut trees and vines," Champlain's men hammered at the wooden buildings that marked the beginning of his empire of New France.

Summer and autumn wore delightfully away. Strawberries, raspberries, gooseberries, cherries, and walnuts ripened at their very doors. The river was full of beaver and eels, and the forest abounded in moose. Champlain planted gardens, and fields of wheat and rye. Then an icy Canadian winter, like that which had caught Cartier on that very point seventy-three years before, closed down upon them. Starving Indians picked their way across the floating ice-cakes of the St. Lawrence to build their cabins against the Frenchmen's walls. Disease broke out; and when spring came at last, only eight of Champlain's band of twenty-eight were left alive.

But in June with the milder weather came a ship from

France bringing more settlers. Champlain took heart. He would leave these men in charge of Quebec while he went on in search of a waterway to China through the great lakes



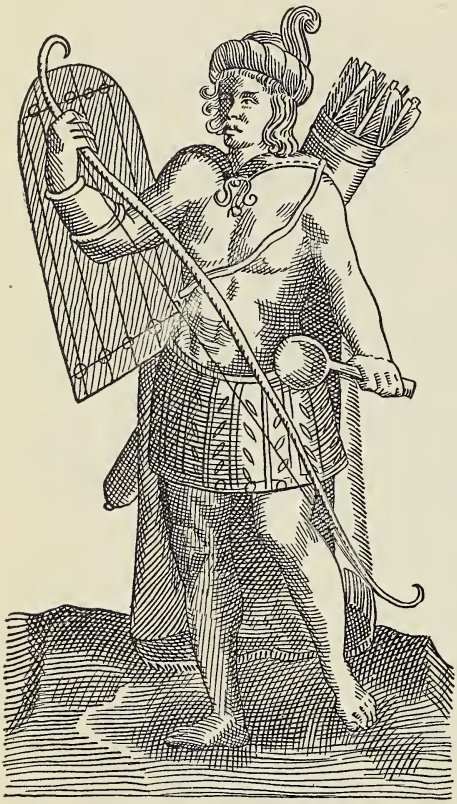
CHAMPLAIN'S DRAWING OF QUEBEC

E is the sun-dial; G, a gallery running around the buildings; I, the drawbridge; M, the moat; R, the river

of the west. But first he must keep a promise he had made to his Indian friends to help them in their war against other Indians called the Iroquois.

Now, the Iroquois were the strongest, most warlike race in North America. They lived in walled villages in our state of New York and were a terror to all the Algonquin

Indians, whom Champlain knew, in eastern Canada and New England. Even the Huron Indians of the lake region feared and hated the Iroquois. So it seemed to Champlain that by helping the Hurons and Algonquins against the Iroquois, he would make these two great tribes of Canada the devoted subjects of New France. Meanwhile he would be exploring this new world and perhaps find more clues to his waterway to Cathay.



AN ALGONQUIN INDIAN
From Champlain's drawing

At any rate, the Indians were to Champlain a vital part of his plan for New France. They alone could bring him the furs the French traders sought. They could help him find his waterway to the Pacific, and, besides, they were heathen whom he was genuinely anxious to win for the Church. Many Spaniards like De Soto had hunted Indians almost as

they would wild beasts, to use as pack animals and guides. Champlain and the French looked on the Indians as friends and allies, with human souls to be saved.

So in the summer of 1609 Champlain set out with an Indian war party up the St. Lawrence toward the land of the Iroquois. Turning to the south up another river, they came into the pleasant country of our New York State. Soon the river widened into a lake so delightful that Champlain gave it his own name. Mountains towered on either side, and the shores and islands were green with chestnut trees and vines.

Tomorrow, the Indians said, they must hide by day and paddle only by night, for now they were near the home of the Iroquois. A few nights later, as the canoes slipped silently round a point, loud war whoops broke the quiet. Straight before them through the dark loomed an Iroquois war party.

The Algonquins shouted in reply, drawing their canoes in line, while Champlain hid himself under an Indian robe. The Iroquois had leaped on shore and began chopping down trees for a barricade, still shouting taunts and threats. As the sun rose, Champlain tells us, "I saw the enemy come out of their barricade, nearly two hundred men, strong and robust to look at, coming slowly toward us with a dignity and assurance that pleased me very much."

Champlain's Indians sprang on shore, keeping him in their midst. Suddenly, when opposite the enemy, they

divided, and out before the astonished eyes of the Iroquois stepped a shining, white-faced figure clad from head to foot in steel. The Iroquois stopped as if paralyzed. Was this strange shining one a god? they asked themselves.

When at last they gained courage to raise their bows, "I rested my arquebus against my cheek," said Champlain, "and aimed directly at one of the three chiefs. The shot brought down two and wounded another. On this, our Indians set up such a yelling that one could not have heard a thunderclap, and all the while arrows flew thick on both sides. The Iroquois were greatly astonished and frightened to see two of their men killed so quickly, in spite of their arrow-proof armor. . . . They lost courage and abandoned the field and their fort, fleeing into the depth of the woods."

Champlain's fatal shot had won the battle for the Hurons and Algonquins and had gained their devotion for New France. But it had another result on which he had not counted. It had brought upon all Frenchmen the undying hatred of the most ferocious Indians of North America. It was less than two months later when the little *Half Moon*, sailing up the Hudson River, a hundred miles below, opened the way for the Dutch and the English to friendship and fur trade with these same Iroquois.

For two years the troubles of fur traders and settlers kept Champlain busy in Quebec and France. Then in 1611 he paddled once more up the blue St. Lawrence to the sunny shore near Mount Royal. About those green meadows where



"I RESTED MY ARQUEBUS AGAINST MY CHEEK"

Champlain's own drawing of the defeat of the Iroquois

the Indian town once had stood, he cleared away the trees, planted gardens, and built a brick wall. For here, where Montreal now stands, Champlain wished to make a place where Frenchmen and Indians might trade and where some day might grow a settlement like Quebec. Here two hundred Huron Indians from the lake came to meet him, bringing presents of beaver skins and shell necklaces. Whenever he wished, they told him, they would gladly take him to see their country in the west if only he would help them in their war against the Iroquois.

It was four years before Champlain could accept their offer. Then with two other Frenchmen and ten Indians in two canoes he started up the Ottawa River into the unknown wilderness. On either side of the brown stream rose dusky cliffs where wildcats crouched, and beyond for uncounted miles stretched the dim forest.

Sometimes paddling, sometimes carrying their canoes round foaming rapids, they kept on until one day the horizon widened. Before them, as far as the eye could reach, sparkled the blue waters of a sea. But it was not, as Champlain had once hoped, the South Sea that led to Cathay. It was our Lake Huron, or the "Fresh Water Sea," as Champlain called it — the first of our Great Lakes to be seen by white men. The waters were full of "monstrously large" fish, and as they paddled south the shore became greener.

They had come to the land of the Hurons. Champlain saw their villages built inside towering wooden fences, with

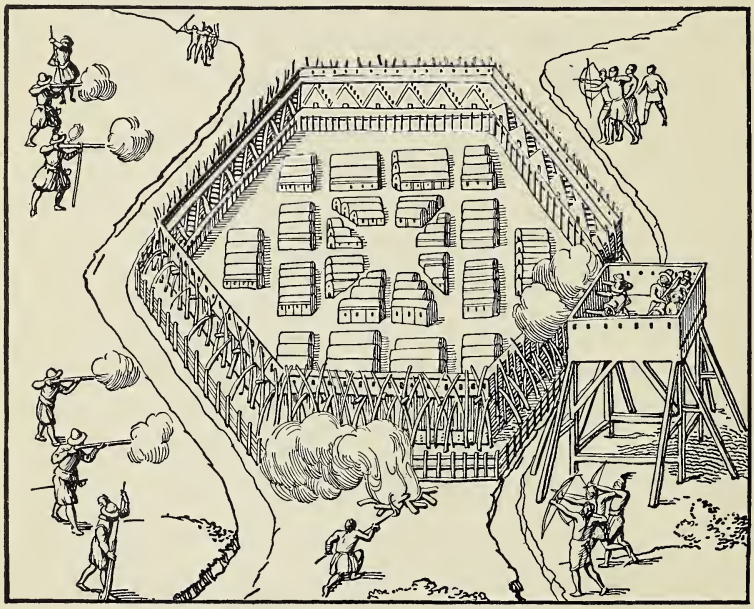
gardens of corn and squashes and beans. There were feasts in his honor, and the jubilant Hurons could hardly wait for him to lead them to their war against the Iroquois.

At last in long procession the war canoes set out across a chain of little lakes toward the enemy's land in the east. Soon another inland sea rolled before them, and they floated out upon the wide waters of Lake Ontario. Crossing to the opposite shore they hid their canoes, and the happy Hurons, shouting their war whoops, ran into the forest. Champlain was again in our New York State, the land of the Iroquois.

One of their towns, inside its strong palisade of tree trunks, was just ahead. Without listening to Champlain's advice the Hurons, sure of victory, flung themselves upon it. The Iroquois poured down a torrent of rocks and arrows on their heads. Champlain's musket could do but little damage in return, though he had the Hurons build a wooden tower from which he could fire down into the town. He himself was wounded; and seeing their champion fall the Hurons fled, carrying him into the forest. The Iroquois had defeated their "man with the iron breast," and in fear and despair they paddled swiftly back across Lake Ontario toward their homes.

It was another year before Champlain, wounded and disheartened, got back to Quebec. His days of exploration were over. For twenty years he spent his time strengthening his feeble empire of New France and bringing more priests to convert the heathen red men. He rebuilt Quebec on the high rock above the first settlement, and there in 1635 he died.

Champlain did not find his waterway to Cathay. But he had opened up the forest wilderness of North America and made it known to white men. First of Europeans, he and his companions had discovered the lake that bears his name



THE ATTACK ON THE IROQUOIS FORT
From Champlain's drawing

and two of those marvelous inland seas, our Great Lakes. He had made the first alliance between white men and Indians, and his priests had brought hundreds of the savages to the Christian religion. He had founded the first permanent French settlement in the New World. He had gained

the fur trade of the St. Lawrence and the rule of all its land and tribes for France. He had laid the wide but unsteady foundations for the kingdom of New France in North America.

2

But now the "Father of New France" was dead. For forty years there came no one to extend her empire. Along the shores of the St. Lawrence, at the trading post of Montreal, in the struggling settlement at Quebec, traders quarreled over their furs, never thinking of the unknown kingdom about them that Champlain had spent his life in founding.

The black-robed priests of the Roman Catholic Church alone pressed fearlessly on into the mysterious forests of North America. Far north with the roving Algonquins they went, even to the frozen shores of the Eskimos. Others set up chapels in the Huron villages, and one pushed on to the lonely western shore of Lake Michigan. Still others went bravely into our New York State to convert the terrible Iroquois. Burning, torture, and death they faced without flinching if only they could baptize a few of these heathen into the Christian faith.

Then came the lion-hearted La Salle to carry on the dream of New France. He had sailed to Canada to seek his fortune when he was only twenty-three. In ten years he had made himself the richest fur trader in the New World. On the wild shores of Lake Ontario he had built a little fort of logs, where the passing Indians would stop to trade their

canoe loads of furs for knives and beads. Soon he had constructed a larger fort of stone, and the king made him *Lord* La Salle, with the right to govern all the country roundabout. He cleared farm lands and brought French families to settle on them. He had ships made to sail up and down the lake for furs. In three years he had established a lively village in the depth of the wilderness.

But La Salle's heart was not in the fur trade. He kept thinking how he could extend the kingdom of New France. In his first years in the New World he had dreamed of carrying out Champlain's plan of finding a waterway to Cathay and so making New France mistress of the treasures of East and West alike. Once indeed he had wandered for three years through the forests of our states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, vainly looking for a river which the Indians had told him flowed westward from the lake region to the sea.

And now the news came to his fort on Ontario that a priest, searching beyond Lake Michigan, had discovered the great river of which the Indians had told. Following it downward for more than a thousand miles, he had found that it ran, not westward to the Pacific, but southward toward the Gulf of Mexico. It was the Mississippi River, which, nearly a century and a half after Cabeza de Vaca, the French priest had rediscovered.

La Salle saw a great vision. If the Mississippi River was not the road to Cathay, as he had hoped, was it not instead the way to the shining Spanish kingdom of Mexico? Why

should France not reach out and seize that mighty central waterway of North America? Down it her proud ships might sail out to the Atlantic, loaded with all the deer and buffalo robes of the plains. And some day, with strong forts at the outlet on the Gulf of Mexico, who knew but that France might force the Spaniards to let her trade in New Spain for gold and silver?

La Salle hurried to France. There he induced the king to give him the right to "labor at the discovery of the western parts of New France, through which, to all appearance, a way may be found to Mexico." For five years La Salle was to be governor of all North America between Mexico and Canada, to build forts, and to go and trade where he pleased.

So, with a continent in his grasp, La Salle came back. He would approach the Mississippi by way of the Great Lakes, he decided. In January, 1679, he crossed the frozen country round the Niagara River and there, near the snowy shores of Lake Erie, he began to build the first ship above Niagara Falls. Of "the great fall, the like whereof is not in the whole world," a priest of La Salle's party wrote the first description. "The waters which fall from this vast height," he wrote, "do foam and boil after the most hideous manner imaginable, making an outrageous noise, more terrible than that of thunder."

By summer everything was ready; and with firing of cannon the new ship, named the *Griffin*, sailed out upon

the lake. Up Lake Erie, through Lake Huron into Lake Michigan, she found her way, while Indians paddled out from the green solitudes to stare at the "great canoe" which bore a curiously carved monster for a figurehead.



THE BUILDING OF THE GRIFFIN
From an engraving made in 1704

Landing on the western shore of Lake Michigan, La Salle found Indians with so many furs that he decided to send the *Griffin* back with them across the lakes. Meanwhile he and most of his men would go in canoes to the southern end of Lake Michigan to wait her return. Painfully they paddled the long, hard journey, sometimes with nothing to

eat but handfuls of Indian corn. At the appointed spot on the southern shore, at the mouth of the St. Joseph River, they built Fort Miami.

Still the *Griffin* did not come. La Salle grew anxious. At last he could wait no longer. He must reach the villages of the friendly Illinois Indians before winter. With grave fears the party started out up the St. Joseph and carried their canoes across to the headwaters of the Illinois River. For a month they floated down. Then on its frozen shores near our city of Peoria they built the first dwelling of white men in our state of Illinois. They called it Fort Crevecœur, or Fort Heart-Break, because of the discouragements of their journey.

They knew now that the *Griffin* must have been wrecked. They were alone, a handful of white men, in the center of a frozen continent. The friendly Illinois Indians had warned them not to go on to the Mississippi River, whose banks, they said, were lined with serpents, alligators, and fierce tribes.

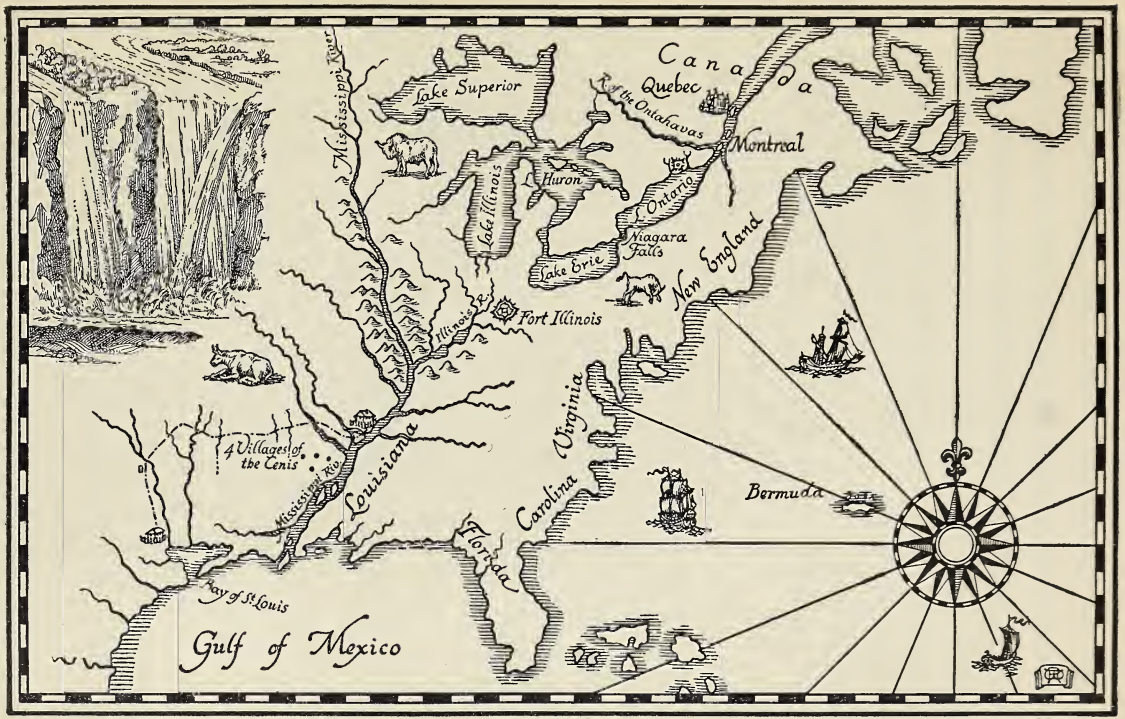
La Salle alone kept up his courage. With three men he said he would go back overland to Canada to get supplies to go on with the discovery. It was early in March when they started, and the ground, full of mud and melting ice, made the journey still more terrible. Loaded down with guns and blankets and often almost starving, the four fearless men kept on, "sometimes pushing through thickets, sometimes climbing rocks covered with ice and snow,

sometimes wading whole days through marshes where the water was waist deep." By the time they reached Lake Erie two of the men were desperately ill. La Salle and the other managed to build a canoe to take them down the lake to the little loghouse at Niagara.

Leaving his companions there, La Salle pushed on with three new men to his fort on Lake Ontario. For sixty-five days he had toiled across the wilderness of an unknown continent, walking and paddling in his winding route about a thousand miles. According to an old writer it was "the most arduous journey ever made by Frenchmen in America."

When at last La Salle made his way back again to Fort Crevecœur, it was in ruins, and the neighboring village of the Illinois Indians was burned to the ground. Both had been destroyed in a raid by the Iroquois, some wandering Indians told him. Searching for his scattered men through all that country, La Salle gathered them at last at his Fort Miami near Lake Michigan.

Two years had gone by since La Salle, giving up his fortune and his rich fur trade, had set out to plant the banners of New France along the central waterway of North America. In all those weary months he had met nothing but hardship and disaster. "Anyone but he would have . . . abandoned the enterprise," said one of his comrades, "but far from that, by a firmness of mind and an almost unequaled constancy I saw him more resolute than ever to continue his work and to carry out his discovery."



MAP OF THE MISSISSIPPI AND THE GREAT LAKES MADE IN 1684

Niagara Falls is shown in the corner. The map shows La Salle's last expedition, when he landed in Texas

Finally in December, 1681, the expedition started. Twenty-three white men and thirty-one Indians dragged their canoes on sleds down the frozen streams to the open Mississippi. Floating swiftly down among its ice-cakes, they passed the yellow torrent of the Missouri and, farther on, the foaming mouth of the Ohio River.

As they drifted on, ice and snow disappeared, the air became warmer, and blossoming fruit trees overhung the green banks. They were coming to a land of summer. Several times along the shores of our states of Arkansas and Louisiana they landed, setting up crosses to claim the shores for France. The Arkansas Indians received them with delight, building cabins for them to sleep in and bringing them vegetables and fruit. "These Indians do not resemble those at the north, who are all sad and severe," said one of La Salle's priests. "These are far better made, honest, liberal, and gay." Even the boys were so polite that "though they had a great desire to see La Salle," they kept quietly outside his cabin door, not daring to come in.

In Louisiana still more civilized tribes of Indians, dressed in white robes and living in houses of clay with wooden furniture, welcomed the Frenchmen in state. Here again, said one of the party, "Lord La Salle, whose very air, engaging manner, and skillful mind command alike love and respect, so impressed the hearts of these Indians that they did not know how to treat us well enough."

Fresher winds began to blow, and all eyes strained ahead

for a sight of the sea. The river divided into three deep channels, and La Salle sent some of his canoes down each. Soon the water became salt, and one April morning the voyagers floated out on the sparkling Gulf of Mexico. For the first



THE MURDER OF LA SALLE

From a drawing made in 1698. It shows the murderer firing from his hiding place among the long grass, just as La Salle and his companion, a priest, have come upon the bodies of previously murdered comrades

time a French expedition entered Spain's own secret waters, that washed the golden shores of Mexico not far away.

In exultation La Salle climbed a little hill, and there, among the kneeling Frenchmen and Indians, he planted a cross and a column, claiming for France the land watered

by the Mississippi River and its branches, with all its "nations, peoples, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers." And all that vast country from the far-northern springs of the Missouri to the Gulf of Mexico he named Louisiana in honor of Louis, the king, while the happy Frenchmen cheered and fired their guns.

So the Mississippi, down which De Soto's Spaniards had thankfully escaped nearly a hundred and forty years before, became the basis of the proudest dominion of New France.

La Salle died five years later, murdered in Texas by some of his own men, before he could carry out a new plan of building forts at the Mississippi's mouth. But he, first of white men, had traced the great inland waterway of North America from the Great Lakes to the Gulf and had first appreciated the rich possibilities of our central United States.

So through the untiring patience of two great men France held the vast interior of the continent. Champlain had established her in Canada on the St. Lawrence and had opened the way to the Great Lakes; La Salle had given her the reaches of the Mississippi. North America's mightiest waterways were in her hands, and all its treasures of forest, river, and prairie were hers to take. Countless red men roving its inmost plains were her subjects. And all those thousands of green miles from the Rocky to the Allegheny Mountains, that Spaniards had first seen and abandoned, were claimed by France.

CONCLUSION

Through many centuries America had remained a wilderness inhabited by wild animals and savage men, with two or three regions like Mexico and Peru in which the arts of civilization were more advanced. The people of the rest of the world knew nothing of these great continents. Europeans found out about them through the work of the explorers whose stories you have been reading in this book. Marco Polo told them much of the riches and wonders of Asia, and so made captains and merchants and kings anxious to sail their ships directly to India and China and the islands where spices grew. Prince Henry of Portugal helped the arts of ocean navigation and opened the sea road which in time his successors carried around Africa to the wonderful East. Christopher Columbus opened the first sea road to the western world of America, and the bold captains from many countries who followed him gradually uncovered the long coast lines.

You will find it very interesting to think over the work of the great explorers whose deeds are related in this book, asking yourself how the work of each one added something to the knowledge of Europeans about other countries — Asia, Africa, America. You will then know how the Old

World found the New World, gradually getting acquainted with its shape and size, its climate and products, its animals and its strange human inhabitants. This might be called the first great chapter of American history.

The second great chapter would tell how several nations of Europe became rivals for the possession of America, how people from Europe came to live in America, and how they and their children gradually became Americans.

IMPORTANT DATES

1200–1299 *The Thirteenth Century*

1271–1295 Travels of Marco Polo. Later he wrote a book about his travels.

1300–1399 *The Fourteenth Century*

1394 Prince Henry of Portugal was born.

1400–1499 *The Fifteenth Century*

PORTUGAL, THE GREAT EXPLORER

1419–1460 During this time Prince Henry of Portugal sent out ship after ship to uncover the west coast of Africa.

1434 Gil Eannes's ship passed Cape Bojador.

1445 Dinis Diaz passed Cape Verde.

1487 Bartholomew Diaz passed around the "Cape of Storms," and his king changed its name to "Cape of Good Hope."

1497–1499 Vasco da Gama, with four ships, left Lisbon to sail around Africa to the Indies. He returned to Lisbon with only two ships left.

The sea road to the East was found.

EUROPE SEEKS THE EAST AND FINDS THE WEST — A NEW WORLD

COLUMBUS'S VOYAGES FOR SPAIN

1451 The probable year in which Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, Italy.

1492–1493 Columbus, after many efforts to interest the king and queen of Spain, sailed west with a fleet of three ships, from Palos, Spain, on August 3. On October 12 he landed at San Salvador. He discovered Cuba and Haiti. On March 15 he returned to the harbor at Palos.

1493–1502 Columbus made three more voyages across the Atlantic Ocean, touching the shore of South America in 1498.

Cabot's Voyage for England

1497 John Cabot, an Italian, sailed west in the ship *Matthew* from Bristol, England, for the king of England, to find gold. He is believed to have reached the Newfoundland coast. English fishing boats began to sail to Newfoundland.

1500–1599 *The Sixteenth Century*

1507 The name "America" began to be used because of the interesting description of the New World in letters written by Americus Vespucius, an Italian, who went out to the New World in Spanish ships.

Magellan's Voyage for Spain

1519–1522 Ferdinand Magellan, a Portuguese, set sail with five ships from Seville in September for the Spice Islands by way of the Atlantic Ocean, over Columbus's sea road. In October, 1520, the fleet sailed into the passage now known as the "Straits of Magellan" and rounded South America, taking a month to sail from the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific. In September, 1522, only one ship, the *Victoria*, returned to Spain. It had made the first voyage around the world.

France sends Sailors to the New World

1524 In January France sent out the *Dolphin*, under Verrazano, an Italian seaman, to find a strait through North America into the Pacific. He explored the coast from North Carolina to Maine.

1534 Jacques Cartier, a French captain, sailed to the fishing banks of Newfoundland, crossed to the mainland of

Canada, entered the St. Lawrence River, and claimed this region for his country.

1535 Jacques Cartier returned to Canada and followed the St. Lawrence up to the Indian town where Montreal now stands, naming all the land "New France."

How Europe came to Know the Western World

Spain's Treasure-House

1513 Vasco Nuñez de Balboa discovered the Pacific. He called it the "South Sea."

1519–1521 Hernando Cortes conquered and won Mexico from the Aztecs.

1524–1532 Francisco Pizarro pushed on down the west coast of South America, reaching Peru, the land of the great Inca, which he conquered and added to New Spain.

The Spaniards push across Southern North America

1513 Ponce de Leon was the first explorer known to have landed on the coast of Florida.

1528–1536 Cabeza de Vaca, with three hundred men, made his journey from Florida across the continent. They were the first white men to see the Mississippi River, sail down the coast of Texas, and, crossing the plains of Texas, reach New Spain. De Vaca then returned to Spain to report to his king.

1539–1542 Hernando de Soto left Spain with hundreds of men and pushed across the continent from Florida. They crossed the Mississippi River and had started to return, when De Soto died.

1540–1541 Coronado, with one thousand men, marched up the west coast of Mexico, across Arizona, into New Mexico, and three of his men discovered the Grand Canyon. Then they pushed on eastward almost as far as the Mississippi River, where Kansas now is.

England unlocks Spain's Treasure-Houses

1577–1580 Francis Drake, with a fleet of five ships, sailed from Plymouth in England to find Spain's treasure-houses. He followed Magellan's route around South America and, after taking much treasure from various places on the west coast, made his way across the Pacific Ocean. His *Golden Hind* was the second ship to sail around the world.

1600–1699 *The Seventeenth Century*

The Dutch seek Paths through the New World

1609 Henry Hudson, an Englishman, sailed from Holland in the Dutch ship the *Half Moon* and reached the "Great River of the Mountains," the Hudson River. He opened for the Dutch a rich fur trade.

1610 Hudson discovered Hudson Bay for England.

The French in the Northern Forests

1608 Samuel de Champlain began the settlement of Quebec. He was called the "Father of New France."

1609 Champlain found Lake Champlain.

1611 Champlain built a trading post at Montreal and established a rich fur trade for France.

1615–1616 Champlain discovered Lake Huron and Lake Ontario.

1669 La Salle built a fort on Lake Ontario, and in ten years became the richest fur trader in the world.

1679–1682 La Salle began his search for a new road to Mexico by way of the Great Lakes and the Mississippi River, claiming a great territory, which he named "Louisiana" in honor of King Louis of France.

North America's mightiest waterways now belonged to France.

OTHER BOOKS ABOUT THE FINDING OF THE NEW WORLD

In telling how the Old World found the New this book has tried not only to tell what happened but to give some idea of how we know what happened. It has attempted to show that we know about these old events, just as we do about those of yesterday, through the reports of men who actually saw them; so, wherever feasible, parts of the story have been told in the very words of eyewitnesses. Some teachers and some boys and girls may be interested in reading the longer accounts from which these quotations have been taken. That is not hard to do; for most of the old diaries, letters and other reports on which we base our knowledge are now translated and collected in convenient series. The following lists show some of the principal contemporary accounts and also some modern works of interest and value.

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Original Narratives of Early American History, edited by J. F. Jameson. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Volumes useful in connection with this book:

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Early English and French Voyages. Chiefly from Hakluyt, 1534–1608. Edited by H. S. Burrage. 1906.

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The Journey of Álvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca from Florida to the Pacific (1528–1536). Edited by A. F. Bandelier. 1905.

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The Journeys of René Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle. Edited by I. J. Cox. 2 vols. 1905.

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The Journal of the First Voyage of Vasco da Gama (1497–1499). Edited by E. G. Ravenstein. 1898.
Select Letters of Christopher Columbus. Edited by R. H. Major. 2 vols. 1847 and 1870.
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The Fifth Letter of Hernán Cortés to the Emperor Charles V. Translated from the Spanish by Don Pascual de Gayangos. 1868.
The Discovery and Conquest of Terra Florida by Don Ferdinando de Soto, written by a gentleman of Elvas. Translated out of Portuguese by Richard Hakluyt. Edited by W. B. Rye. 1851.
The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake. Collated with an unpublished manuscript of Francis Fletcher, Chaplain to the Expedition. Edited by W. S. Vaux. 1854.
Henry Hudson the Navigator. Edited by G. M. Asher. 1859.

SUGGESTED READINGS, STORY BY STORY

(An asterisk marks the sources quoted from in this book)

I. Europe and the Wonderful East

1. How Marco Polo went to China

Contemporary Material

*The Book of Ser Marco Polo. Translated and edited by Colonel Henry Yule, 1890. Third edition, 1903, revised by Henri Cordier. 2 vols. This translation is the most accurate, though lacking in literary merit. Profusely annotated by the great authority on the subject.

The Adventures of Marco Polo. Edited by Edward Atherton. D. Appleton and Company, 1902. Gives the story usually in Polo's words (Yule version), but often in simplified diction and with some rearrangement. Notes.

The Travels of Marco Polo. Edited by Manuel Komroff. Boni & Liveright, 1926. The Marsden translation, "Splendid style but filled with errors," is here used, with some corrections. Good introduction and index; almost no notes.

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The Book of Ser Marco Polo. Edited by G. B. Parks, in Modern Readers' Series, The Macmillan Company, 1927. The Yule version, with some minor inconsistencies corrected, especially in the spelling of proper names; Book IV, condensed by Yule, is given in the Marsden translation. Introduction, notes, map, and detailed table of contents.

2. Europe finds a Sea Road to the East

Contemporary Material

*Chronicle of the Discovery and Conquest of Guinea. Hakluyt Society Publications.

*A Journal of the First Voyage of Vasco da Gama. Hakluyt Society Publications.

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II. Europe seeks the East and finds the West

1. A Weaver's Son finds a New World

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*Select Letters of Christopher Columbus. Hakluyt Society Publications.

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MARKHAM, C. R. Life of Christopher Columbus. Philip & Son, London, 1892.

2. A Ship sails West and comes to the East

Contemporary Material

*First Voyage round the World by Magellan. Hakluyt Society Publications.

Magellan's Voyage, as told by Pigafetta. Translated and edited by J. A. Robertson. A. H. Clark & Co. 2 vols. and an index volume. 1906.

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3. Four Bold Captains on North America's Coast

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*The Northmen, Columbus, and Cabot. Original Narratives Series.

*Early English and French Voyages. Original Narratives Series.

*Henry Hudson the Navigator. Hakluyt Society Publications.

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III. How Europe came to know the Western World

1. Kingdoms of the Sun

Contemporary Material

*Fifth Letter of Hernando Cortes to Emperor Charles V. Hakluyt Society Publications.

The Despatches of Hernando Cortez. Edited by George Folsom. Wiley & Putnam. 1843.

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*Early English and French Voyages. Original Narratives Series.

*The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake. Hakluyt Society Publications. Also the entire narrative in the edition published by the Argonaut Press, 1926.

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